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CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER.

THE WINGED VICTORY. By Bernard Home. THE ENGLAND OF THE EASTON LETTERS. By Charles Moncrief, M.A. THE PLANET OF ROMANCE. By Ed. Vincent Heward. A LITERARY HIGHWAY. By Walter Dexter. ABOUT CUCKOOS. MRS. VICKERY'S RECORD AGED CUCKOO. By Alexander H. Japp, LL.D. GOUT THE NEMESIS. By Dr. Yorke-Davies. JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS. By Percy Fitzgerald. REVIVING APPRECIATION OF MILTON. By Sylvanus Urban.

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THE LITERARY WEEK 318		ARTICLES.	
REVIEWS.		THE FAITH OF LITERATURE 329	
The Five Nations 319		Mr. Meredith as Poet 330	
Benjamin Disraeli: An Unconventional Biography 321		The Spirit of Place 331	
The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb 322		The Genius of the Moors 333	
Select Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge 324		Impressions—The Way 334	
The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots 324			
The Story of My Life. By Helen Keller 325		DRAMA:	
SHORT NOTICES:		The Flower-like King. E. K. Chambers 334	
The Durbar—Mr. Woodhouse's Correspondence—A Bibliography of the		ART:	
Works of Robert Louis Stevenson 326		The Great Velasquez. C. L. H. 335	
FICTION:		SCIENCE:	
Petronilla Heroven—The Rose of Joy—The Pool in the Desert 327		Suggestion. C. W. Saleeby 336	
Notes on the Week's Novels 328		CORRESPONDENCE:	
		"Shelley Plain" 338	
		Triennial 338	
		"Double Possessive" 338	
		WEEKLY COMPETITION:	
		Verses entitled Good-bye 339	
		AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS SUPPLEMENT 315-372	

The Literary Week.

THIS is the last issue of the ACADEMY under the present editorship. The retiring Editor salutes the advancing Editor.

MR. REDFORD'S name only occasionally comes before the public, and then the public either smiles or gets angry. Mr. Redford's latest action in his capacity of Censor of Plays has been to refuse a license for the performance in Italian of D'Annunzio's "La Città Morta." This is just on a line with Mr. Redford's refusal to license "Monna Vanna" last year. Until the censorship is abolished or put on some sort of reasonable footing this sort of thing will no doubt continue. But on any grounds we do not see why a license should be refused to Madame Duse to produce "La Città Morta" when licenses are readily granted to musical comedies which, from the moral point of view (presumably Mr. Redford's), are infinitely worse.

MR. FORD MADOX HUEFFER contributes an arresting preface to a new translation of certain of Guy de Maupassant's stories in Messrs. Duckworth's "Greenback Library." He points out an essential difference between the English and French tongues as a means of artistic expression. "De Maupassant," he says, "could write a pure and limpid vernacular which was also pure and limpid literary French." But in English that is not possible: we have a spoken language and a written language, and to confuse them is to become either un-literary or awkwardly colloquial. As an instance Mr. Hueffer gives the French: "J'éprouve un désir," which a Frenchman will both say and write. The Englishman, on the other hand, would probably write "I feel a desire," but he would certainly say, "I want to." And in this respect de Maupassant had an initial advantage; he used simple and colloquial words, and no unusual or precious words stood out to take the mind from the simple current of the story. Yet de Maupassant was an absolute artist, a master of rhythm as well as situation. The translations in this volume are exceptionally good.

THE "Daily Mail" has begun the serial publication of a political romance by Mr. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the "Spectator." The title of the story is "The Great Bread Riots," and it was written in 1885, just before the General Election, when Fair Trade and Protection were being discussed. But that question dropped when Mr. Gladstone inaugurated his Irish policy. The recent revival of the question has induced Mr. Strachey to print the narrative in the columns of the "Daily Mail," the conditions now, he considers, being practically the same as they were then. The story is supposed to be told by "a Grandfather fifty years hence," and opens thus: "You ask me, my dear grandson, to put on record some account of the troubled times of fifty years ago, of which you read so much in the memoirs and histories now appearing, and which I can so well remember."

THE first number of the "Book Monthly" lies before us. The publication is not designed to be a critical journal; it aims rather to be a record and guide for all people interested in books, and a chronicle of current literature. At the same time it has articles of literary interest, such as that on Mr. William Faux, who has just retired from the office of librarian to Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son. Mr. Faux, after fifty years experience of a circulating library, remains cheery and hopeful. He admits that eighty per cent. of the books read are novels, and he admits that many are "really very poor reading," but he has faith that the "Old Guard of readers in England" will grow in number. At present, unfortunately, the chances seem rather the other way. The "Book Monthly" is well printed and designed, and in Mr. Milne's experienced hands should find its public.

AN interesting bookseller's catalogue reaches us from Manchester. It contains an unusually full list of books illustrated by the artists of the 'sixties, such men as Ford Madox Brown, A. B. Houghton, Keene, Leighton, Millais, Pinwell, Whistler, Rossetti and Sandys. For a number of years these beautiful wood engravings were almost forgotten; the books containing them might be picked up for a fifth or sixth of the original cost. Even now the prices asked are not high, but they are steadily rising.

Mr. W. D. HOWELLS, in the current "Harper's Magazine," has a characteristic article on the modern novel and the modern reading public. The philosopher whom Mr. Howells makes the chief figure and talker round the library fire, says a good many things which were worth saying. For instance:—

The philosopher said the actual interior form of non-literary literature was an effect of the thin spread of our literary culture, and outwardly was the effect of the thick spread of our material prosperity. The dollar-and-a-half novel of to-day was the dime novel of yesterday in an avatar which left its essence unchanged. It was even worse, for it was less sincerely and forcibly written, and it could not be so quickly worn out and thrown away. Its beauty of paper, print, and binding gave it a claim to regard which could not be ignored, and established for it a sort of right to lie upon the table, and then stand upon the shelf, where it seemed to relate itself to genuine literature, and to be of the same race and lineage. As for this vast new reading public, it was the vast old reading public with more means in its pocket of satisfying its crude, childish taste. Its head was the same empty head.

This rather embarrassed the philosopher's hearers, but they said nothing, and then the philosopher proceeded to talk about fiction and science. Science had, he said, at that very moment, "caught the bread out of fiction's mouth, and usurped the highest functions of imagination. . . . Science no longer waited for the apple to fall before inferring a law of gravitation, but went about with a stick knocking fruit off every bough in the hope that something suggestive would come of it." From which the philosopher proceeds to the deduction that fiction is going the way of science:—

First the inference, then the fact; was not that the new scientific way? It looked like it; and it seemed as if the favourite literature of the new reading public were quite in the spirit of the new science. Its bold events, its prodigious characters, its incredible motives, were not they quite of the nature of the fearless conjecture which imagined long and short electric waves, and then spread a mesh of wire to intercept them and seize their message?

Concerning the scientific wisdom of Mr. Howell's discourse we can say nothing, but we are quite sure he is sound on the fiction side.

PROF. RALEIGH contributes to the first number of the "Scottish Historical Review" an article on "The Lives of Authors." "A student of history," says Prof. Raleigh, "who has to contend every day with the scarcity and inaccuracy of human records, finds himself forced to admit that men are wise, and care little for fame":—

Each generation of men goes about its business and its pleasure with immense energy and zest; each, when it has passed away, leaves the historians of a later era to spell out what they can from a few broken stones and torn scraps of parchment. The opinion of Shakespeare, that

"Nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence

Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence," is the opinion of the sane world; and the desire for posthumous fame, "that last infirmity of noble minds," is a rare infirmity. The Romans were content to bequeath to us their blood and their law. If every human creature were provided with some separate and permanent memorial, we could not walk in the fields for tombstones.

Happily every human creature needs no such memorial: yet many lives of which we should be glad to have records are practically unrecorded. Literary biography practically begins with the seventeenth century. Thomas Heywood "planned a volume to contain 'the lives of all the poets, foreign and modern, from the first before Homer to the *notissimi* and last.'" But Heywood never proceeded with his scheme. Then came Fuller with his "Worthies of England," and Walton with his matchless

"Lives," and Aubrey with his passion for facts and gossip. Aubrey, like Walton, wrote often of men he had known, and when he wrote of them his work was at its best. There is no fear nowadays that literary biography will leave even the most foolish facts unrecorded. But the literary historian of the future will not have so difficult a task as might be conjectured; for time will deal kindly with many names and bury them in decent oblivion long before the serious biographer begins his work.

THE reason which Mr. George Moore gives for his secession from the Roman Catholic Church is rather remarkable: he decided to leave it because the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin attended the King's Levee, and because Maynooth received His Majesty in spite of the opinion of Irish Nationalists. In a letter to the "Irish Times" Mr. Moore said:—

When will my unfortunate country turn its eyes from Rome—the cause of all her woe? Rome has betrayed Ireland through the centuries. In the fifth century a Roman Archbishop cursed Tara. In the eleventh century a Roman Bishop invited Henry II. to invade Ireland. In the eighteenth century the Irish Bishops expressed their willingness to accept salaries from England. In the nineteenth century, when Ireland stood victorious on the threshold of freedom, the priests pressed forward together, shoulder to shoulder, and struck down Parnell. In the first years of the twentieth century Maynooth and the Roman Catholic Archbishop deserted the Irish Parliamentary party—one in the hope of getting a Catholic university, the other in order to get a Cardinal's hat. But we should feel no surprise at these acts of treachery. Rome has been anti-national in every country. Rome has no care for any country. Rome is not national, even in Italy. Rome aims at a wider corporation than nationality, and an English duke is more to Rome than the entire province of Connaught.

Then Mr. Moore proceeds to talk further about the Cardinal's hat and Home Rule. The question of theology does not appear to come in at all.

WE wonder what theatrical managers over here would say to the dramatic criticism which appears from time to time in the New York "American"? Writing of a play, called the "Jersey Lily," Mr. Alan Dale says:—

A young woman who has the pluck to stand, clad yet unashamed, amid a score of gurgling, pirouetting, Pompadoured chorus girls, with her hair done like a Christian, is surely destined for some more daring flight of originality than "The Jersey Lily." When we spotted Miss Ring some time ago, as the centre of attraction in Mrs. Osborn Co.'s vapid lotion for debilitated intellects, her unusualness won her instant recognition. I shall never hold, as some might do, that Miss Ring seemed particularly good because the others seemed particularly bad. On that interesting occasion—was it "Tommy Rot"?—this lithe, thin young woman, with the well-bred face, and the smooth, affectionate hair stood forth on her merits.

No doubt Mr. Dale's scorn of the play is justified, but what does he mean by "affectionate hair"? Has he exhausted all the other adjectives?

MR. G. STANLEY ELLIS gives in the "Cornhill Magazine" some extraordinary examples of what he calls "Scholastic Howlers." There was recently an examination of pupil teachers for scholarships, and some of the results, as Mr. Ellis says, are wonderful. The paper to which the writer particularly refers was on "General Information," and it contained a dozen questions, of which six only had to be answered. In the first question, among other points, was, "Give the dimensions of a brick;" to which one answer was, "The dimensions of a brick are clay, sand, and

water." But it is better still when we get to science, art and literature. Mr. Ellis writes:—

The fifth question is, "Give the names of six living Englishmen distinguished in science, art, or literature. Name the grounds of distinction in each case." Science is a hard nut. But art is easy. They plumped for Police Constable Jones. As to literature, why, "Canon Doyle is noted for the many works he has produced on Scripture." Is that c. and b., Sir Arthur? As to art, "Sir Edward Poynter is a well-known drawing man. He designs for schools." Now the origin of the last sentence is the cream of the joke. But it is so "wrop in mist'ry" to the uninitiate that one in a thousand, and one only, will understand.

Question 9 is, "Give the titles and authors of the books in which the following characters are introduced:—" . . . Lancelot . . . "Lancelot is in the *Mort d'Arthur*, which was written by Caxton." And now comes an answer which would have saddened the heart of a humourist who hated to waste a good thing, for his parody has been taken for seriousness, and no other Lancelot has been known. "Lancelot was a Yankee in the *Court of King Arthur*, by Mark Twain."

But the finest thing of all was the answer to the question, "What institution is connected with the Oval?" "The Oval is where the Lords play." It would be interesting to know how many of these candidates passed in subjects other than "General Information."

We find in the current "Blackwood's Magazine" an article of considerable personal interest concerning Edward FitzGerald by his grand niece, Mary Eleanor FitzGerald Kerrich. The writer deals pleasantly and intimately with the homes and haunts of FitzGerald, and gives some charming impressions of his ways indoors and out. But one purely personal recollection impresses us most strongly. The writer had been staying with FitzGerald:—

It was here that I last saw FitzGerald—not many months before he fell into that peaceful sleep from which there was to be no awakening this side of the "Door of Darkness."

I had been spending an hour or so of the morning with him, seeing him write at his tall untidy desk—apples on it, one of which he munched, offering another to me—and I had persuaded him to return to Boulge with me. So together we set forth, and much talk we had about the notes of the robin—how shrilly sweet and staccato, and from that to music. The music of Boulge Church in his youth, the rustic musicians, violoncello, violin, and flute players—lovers of their art and their instruments, and their—to them—all-perfect rendering of the church music of that day, quaint in its turns and harmonies, and intricate enough too, some of it.

He lunched at Boulge, bread and cheese, or some such very simple fare, and presently walked back to Little Grange, his large blue coat hanging loosely on his spare aristocratic figure, a little bowed then, a little feeble. He always had the "scholar's stoop" from the neck, his hat rather to the back of his head, and the dreamy abstract look in his quite wonderfully beautiful blue eyes—eyes which, with his incomparable smile, were unforgettable.

So he passed out of my sight, and out of my life, for I never saw him again.

At that time FitzGerald's sight was failing, and he seemed to be conscious of the end; and with that consciousness he went alone over Boulge Hall, the house of many memories, for the last time.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER has been writing in the "Morning Leader" on William Congreve. He says:—

One of the peculiarities of Restoration Comedy (at least so I find it) is that, however often you read a play, it leaves practically no trace upon your mind. In most cases this is fortunate. The memory which can burden itself with the intrigues of Wycherley and Congreve has a very unsavory cargo. In truth, the plots are of no account—they are merely the figures in a set of licentious quadrilles—and the individuality of the characters is obscured rather than impressed upon us by the type-names given to them.

There we entirely agree with Mr. Archer, and indeed throughout the article we are with Mr. Archer and against

Mr. G. S. Street. We do not think that Mr. Street at all makes out his case for Congreve; certainly, as Mr. Archer says, he was in no true sense a satirist; "he applied to the fools the criticism of his knaves, and joined with his rakes in deriding their victims." Molière, on the other hand, was a true satirist:—

Molière criticises when Congreve gloats and chuckles. Molière laughs at vice, Congreve jeers at virtue. The world of Molière contains, along with much knavery and folly, the average admixture of honesty and kindliness. In the world of Congreve, as Macaulay says, rhetorically but not unjustly "We are surrounded by foreheads of bronze, hearts like th, nether millstone, and tongues set on fire of hell."

MR. BASIL WORSFOLD, in the current "Cornhill," has a suggestive essay under the title "Poetic Justice." A writer in a contemporary not long ago compiled a list of "world-men," and was at a loss to account for the fact that the artists were as numerous as the men of action. On that fact Mr. Worsfold hangs his paper. "By all means," he says, "let us range the poets and the artists together, and include the men of science with the men of action. We can then put it quite bluntly, and ask, Why does the world value the artists as much as the men of action?" Plato, Aristotle, Caesar, Napoleon, Newton, Darwin, all these did revolutionary things in action or science or philosophy. "But what has Shakespeare or Homer, Michael Angelo, Dante, or Velasquez given us? If their gift be a conception of life, then what conception, and how does it benefit mankind?" And the answer is—

not, indeed, that they have given a new conception of life, but that they keep alive, renew, and enlarge, a conception of life without which life would not be worth living. It is the vital and vitalising belief that there is a higher morality than the morality embodied in the actions of the men and women that we know, a higher beauty than the beauty which we see in man and nature.

It is this conception of life and nature—this divine discontent with the things of to-day, and this divine hope in the things of to-morrow—that lies at the bottom of all the processes and all the results of the artist mind. By holding this belief before mankind the artists show the goal to which the race must advance. They bid it advance; they help it to advance.

With the artist is always present the ideal, the ultimate conception. He goes to nature, but he selects and idealises and beautifies, though always, if he be a true artist, with a strong hold on essential reality. Mr. Worsfold concludes:—

Were it not for the artists' conception of life, the soul of man would droop before the awful mystery in which its destiny is thus enshrouded. The presence of this conception is witness that the process by which one day the Imperfect will be merged in the Perfect is actually going on around us. The artists' conception of life is, therefore, no mirage of the desert, but a Pisgah outlook upon a land of promise—distant but real. Is it strange that we should hold this mountain view of life more dear than any spectacle of life among the tents?

THE house in Portsmouth in which Charles Dickens was born has been bought by the Portsmouth Corporation. The Mayor started the bidding at £300, and it was quickly run up to £1,125, at which price it was knocked down to the corporation. It is, on the whole, much better that the house should be owned by a public body than that it should be turned into a museum for private profit.

FROM recent wills we take the following:—

William Henry Miles, a director of Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., publishers, £69,862 gross, £6,295 net personally.

Leopold Benjamin Farjeon, novelist, £456.

THE Lyceum is to be reconstructed and turned into a music-hall—that is to be the end of the theatre with which most of us associate the best and highest dramatic work of the past five-and-twenty years. Shareholders, of course, want to make money, and they can hardly be blamed for taking what seems the shortest cut to secure it; but at the same time one cannot help feeling that a longer fight might have been made in the interests of real drama. In a letter from Sir Henry Irving read at the general meeting the writer said: "Holding the views which I do regarding the possible good influence of a theatre on the community, I could not honestly acquiesce in such a proposal as that set forth . . ." But the old Lyceum is to go. Will the tradition it created survive and continue in some other place? We feel that the modern tendency is all against the possibility.

THE other day, says the "Morning Advertiser," Maxime Gorky was asked by his publisher to write his autobiography. He at once took up his pen and wrote as follows:—

- 1878. I became an apprentice to a shoemaker.
- 1879. I entered a draughtsman's office as apprentice.
- 1880. Kitchen boy on board a packet boat.
- 1883. I worked at a baker's.
- 1884. I became a street porter.
- 1885. Baker.
- 1886. Chorister in a travelling opera company.
- 1887. I sold apples in the streets.
- 1888. I attempted suicide.
- 1890. A lawyer's copying clerk.
- 1891. I made the tour of Russia on foot.
- 1892. I worked in a railway shop. In the same year I published my first story.

It seems a pity that Gorky did not carry his summary a little further.

Bibliographical.

THE series of "Literary Lives" promises to be very interesting. I look forward with especial pleasure to the "Benjamin Disraeli" of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the "George Borrow" of Mr. Clement Shorter, and the "Coventry Patmore" of Mr. Edmund Gosse, not only because they will certainly be well done, but because they will satisfy a "felt want." A compact account of Patmore should do more to make him known to, and appreciated by, the general than the bulky biography by Mr. Champneys could possibly do. In the same way a concise memoir of Borrow will introduce him to a public which could never be reached by Dr. Knapp's big volumes. Then, again, Disraeli has never yet been dealt with primarily as a man of letters, though admittedly the greatest of our political-novel writers. The monograph on Mrs. Gaskell will be welcome, because a monograph, and not a full-blown biography, is what is called for in her case. Similarly, a monograph on R. H. Hutton (to be written by Dr. W. R. Nicoll) should prove ample for the purpose. That by Mr. Hogben was perhaps a little too slight, even when taken in connection with the notice in the "Dictionary of National Biography." For the proposed books on Goethe, Hazlitt, Charlotte Brontë, and Cardinal Newman, there is not quite the same excuse. We have just had Mr. Birrell's "Hazlitt," which leaves little for Miss L. I. Guiney to say. The life of Dr. Newman was admirably summarised by R. H. Hutton for the "Leaders of Religion" series, and there is a "Short Life" of him by Mr. J. S. Fletcher. For another volume on Miss Brontë I cannot think that there is any call whatever. The lady has been "biographed" already very much above her deserts. Of Goethe we have a readable account in the "Foreign Classics" series; but that was written by

Abraham Hayward twenty-five years ago, and even Mr. James Sime's book in the "Great Writers" series dates back to 1888. There is room for something fresher and more vigorously critical than these, and Dr. Dowden should be able to give us a very acceptable volume.

Meanwhile, why do not the publishers of George Henry Lewes's "Life of Goethe" issue a reprint of it? The original text—that of 1855—is out of copyright; but it was largely re-written for the edition of 1863, which in its turn was carefully revised for the edition of 1875.

I note that the forthcoming "Life of Voltaire," by S. G. Tallentyre, is advertised as the "only complete biography" of Voltaire "in English." Everything depends, of course, upon the meaning here attached to the word "complete." Certain it is that of "Lives" of Voltaire in English there have been many. There were at least three in the eighteenth century—a "History of the Life and Writings" in 1782, "Historical and Critical Memoirs" in 1786, and a "Life" (with Voltaire's own Memoirs) in 1790. These were, I think, all "from the French." Then came a "Life," by F. H. Standish, in 1821, followed by "A Brief Sketch of the Life and Writings" in 1841, and a book on "Voltaire and His Times" in 1854. In 1866 Mr. F. Espinasse published the first (and, as it turned out, last) volume of a "Life," and in 1870 came the "Study" by Mr. John Morley. These two books, of course, cannot rank as "biography"; but that description can surely be applied to the two-volume work by James Parton, issued in 1881. Of handy monographs on Voltaire we possess at least two, both with merits of their own—the one written by Sir E. Hamley for the series of "Foreign Classics" in 1877, and that penned by Mr. Espinasse for the "Great Writers" series in 1892. To these may be added the essays on Voltaire published (with others) in book form by Carlyle in 1839, John Brougham in 1845, Herman Merivale in 1865, Mr. Justin McCarthy in 1868, and Mr. J. Churton Collins in 1886.

I see that Messrs. Routledge are to give us new editions of W. H. Maxwell's "Stories of Waterloo, and Other Tales," and of Mrs. Catherine Crowe's "Night Side of Nature, or Ghosts and Ghost Seers." The former first saw the light, in three volumes, in 1829. It was reprinted in 1834 and again in 1856. In 1880 it was reprinted both by Messrs. Routledge and by Messrs. Warne & Co. (among their "Notable Novels"). Mrs. Crowe's book dates back to 1848, when it appeared in two volumes, as it did also in 1852. Since then, Messrs. Routledge have re-issued it at least twice—in 1882 and 1892. The most recent "appreciation" of "The Night Side of Nature" and of Mrs. Crowe's works generally was that which Miss Adeline Sergeant contributed to "Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign" (1897). In the course of this, Miss Sergeant describes the "Night Side"—quite accurately, I think—as "probably the best storehouse of ghost stories in the English language."

Mr. T. Wright is to present us with "The Correspondence of Cowper," I presume in a form as nearly as possible complete. He has had a large field to work upon. The original source was the "Life and Posthumous Writings (chiefly letters)" published by Hayley in 1803, and with "supplementary pages" in 1806. Then came the "Letters of William Cowper," edited by J. Johnson in three volumes in 1817, and the "Private Correspondence, now first published," in two volumes in 1824. These were followed by the "Works, Life, and Letters," "now first completed by the introduction of Cowper's Private Correspondence," edited by T. S. Grimshaw in eight volumes in 1835; the "Works" (including the Letters) edited by Southey in fifteen volumes in 1836-7; and an edition in eight volumes in Bohn's Standard Library in 1853-5. Since the last-named date there have been editions of the Letters prepared by J. S. Memes in 1861 and by Canon Benham in 1884.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Mr. Kipling's New Poems.

THE FIVE NATIONS. By Rudyard Kipling. (Methuen.)

We are accustomed to expect at least one new note in every book that Mr. Kipling puts forth, but "The Five Nations" has two, one quite new, and the other new only in part. By quoting "The Second Voyage" we can show at once the note that is new wholly:—

We've sent our little Cupids all ashore—
They were naked, they were tired, they were cold;
Our sails of silk and purple go to store,
And we've cut away our mast of beaten gold
(Foul weather!)
Oh 'tis hemp and singing pine for to stand against the
brine,
But Love he is the master as of old.
The sea has shorn our galleries away,
The salt has soiled our gilding past remede;
Our paint is flaked and blistered by the spray,
Our sides are half a fathom furled in weed
(Foul weather!)
And the doves of Venus fled and the petrels came
instead,
But Love he was our master at our need!
'Was Youth would keep no vigil at the bow,
'Was Pleasure at the helm too drunk to steer—
We've shipped three able quartermasters now,
Men call them Custom, Reverence, and Fear
(Foul weather!)
They are old and scarred and plain, but we'll run no
risk again
From any Port o' Paphos mutineer.
We seek no more the tempest for delight,
We skirt no more the indraught and the shoal—
We ask no more of any day or night
Than to come with least adventure to our goal
(Foul weather!)
What we find we needs must brook, but we do not go
to look,
Nor tempt the Lord our God that saved us whole!
Yet, caring so, not overly we care
To brace and trim for every foolish blast,
If the squall be pleased to sweep us unaware,
He may bellow off to leeward like the last
(Foul weather!)
We will blame it on the deep (for the watch must have
their sleep),
And Love can come and wake us when 'tis past.
Oh launch them down with music from the beach,
Oh warp them out with garlands from the quays—
Most lovely—and a maiden unto each—
New prows that seek the old Hesperides.
Though we know the voyage is vain, yet we see our
path again
In the saffroned bridesails scenting all the seas.

We do not recollect any previous utterance of Mr. Kipling which expressed the sense of illusions lost. Hitherto we have looked upon him as a preternaturally wise youth, but a youth none the less. That he also is among the second voyagers is for a moment a shock. The change from a first voyager to a second voyager is, however, a needful one for a poet to make, poetry being as much the consolation and pleasure of those who have passed the meridian as the inspiration and delight of youth; but we rise from the present volume with doubts as to whether Mr. Kipling has quite the quality to sustain and comfort. The poetry of the second voyager must be serener in its acceptance of the march of years than we fancy his will be; regret for the inevitable must have no part in it if it is to befriend. We half fear that Mr. Kipling will remain the young man's singer, and that his new volume of verses will but send readers back to its predecessors. For the

time being many of us will be in the position of the cynic who remarked that when a new book was published he read an old one—in this case the new book being "The Five Nations," and the old one either "The Seven Seas" or "Barrack-Room Ballads."

Neither of those collections, however, contains anything better than "The Song of Diego Valdez." This also, it is true, is in part a lament for lost youth. It tells in rich musical stanzas how Diego, by a series of fortunate chances, became High Admiral of Spain, but how amid his triumphs he remembers and regrets the early reckless days. The whole poem is superb. Mr. Kipling never got his results more simply. But the new note is there too.

The prevailing mood of the book is admonitory. The high-spirited fun of the "Departmental Ditties"; the rollicking vigour of "Barrack-Room Ballads"; the robust richness of "The Seven Seas"—all are lacking here. The new volume counsels, chastises, regrets. In spite of the occasional reappearance of an earlier and less responsible manner, before Mr. Kipling joined the Jeremiahs, it is as a whole austere and disciplinarian. Mr. Kipling's appeals to the national conscience which have from time to time appeared in "The Times" are reprinted in these pages—"The Lesson," "The Truce of the Bear," "The Islanders," "The Settler," and so forth, together with certain new poems that carry his political teaching a little farther. When Mr. Kipling writes quietly and fraternally his counsel cannot but be effective, but we must confess to feeling little pleasure in approaching him when the impulse to read a sharp lesson is upon him. We do not admire his detached and superior attitude when he would scold his countrymen. "The Islanders," for example, would have had far more effect if its author had adopted a sympathetic method rather than one of aloof disapproval. To say "You!—you!" in scorn can never so persuade as to say "we" in sorrow. That, however, is Mr. Kipling's way, which perhaps comes naturally to one who, spending much time in travel, acquires the habit of looking upon the island from without. But he must not be surprised if the great bulk of Englishmen, "who only England know," resent it and express no gratitude for the boon of good sense that is offered them. Our remarks, however, apply only to Mr. Kipling's less tolerant mood. A poem like "The Reformers" it is almost impossible to over-rate, and we ought to be thankful that so capable a reader of signs is in our midst:—

Not in the camp his victory lies
Or triumph in the market-place,
Who is his Nation's sacrifice
To turn the judgment from his race.
Happy is he who, bred and taught
By sleek, sufficing Circumstance—
Whose Gospel was the apparelled thought,
Whose Gods were Luxury and Chance—
Sees, on the threshold of his days,
The old life shrivel like a scroll,
And to unheralded dismays
Submits his body and his soul;
The fatted shows wherein he stood
Foregoing, and the idiot pride,
That he may prove with his own blood
All that his easy sires denied—
Ultimate issues, primal springs,
Demands, abasements, penalties—
The imperishable plinth of things
Seen and unseen, that touch our peace.
For, though ensnaring ritual dim
His vision through the after-years,
Yet virtue shall go out of him:
Example profiting his peers.
With great things charged he shall not hold
Aloof till great occasion rise,
But serve, full-harnessed, as of old
The days that are the destinies.

He shall forswear and put away
The idols of his sheltered house;
And to Necessity shall pay
Unflinching tribute of his vows.
He shall not plead another's act,
Nor bind him in another's oath
To weigh the Word above the Fact,
Or make or take excuse for sloth.
The yoke he bore shall press him still,
And long-ingrained effort goad
To find, to fashion, and fulfil
The cleaner life, the sterner code.

*Not in the camp his victory lies—
The world (unheeding his return)
Shall see it in his children's eyes
And from his grandson's lips shall learn!*

A disappointment for many readers will, we fear, come with the "Service Songs" which close the volume. Mr. Kipling once would have called them barrack-room ballads, but his terminology grows more dignified, and his conception of the British soldier, as studied in South Africa, more serious. In the first poem the fighting man is thus addressed:—

*'Tommy' you was when it began,
But now that it is o'er
You shall be called The Service Man
'Enceforicard, evermore,
Batt'ry, brigade, flank, centre, van,
Defaulter, Army corps—
From first to last The Service Man,
'Enceforicard, evermore.*

No more "Tommy Atkins," no more "Absent-minded Beggar"—that is, if Mr. Kipling can help it. But here, we fear, his power will break down. We English can do dull things, but to call our soldiers "Service Men" is beyond even our capacity. We should wonder that Mr. Kipling could suggest it, were it not that he seems to have returned from his visits to the Cape filled with something like reverence for his old crony and readiness to credit him with the same changed outlook upon life that he himself has achieved. We find the new mood in the first and best of the Service Songs:—

*Me that 'ave been what I've been,
Me that 'ave gone where I've gone,
Me that 'ave seen what I've seen—
'Ow can I ever take on
With awful old England again,
An' 'ouses both sides of the street,
And 'edges two sides of the lane,
And the parson an' "gentry" between,
An' touchin' my 'at when we meet—
Me that 'ave been what I've been?*

Me!

*Me that 'ave rode through the dark
Forty mile often on end,
Along the Ma'ollisberg range,
With only the stars for my mark
An' only the night for my friend,
An' things runnin' off as you pass,
An' things jumpin' up in the grass,
An' the silence, the shine an' the size
Of the 'igh, inexpressible skies. . . .
I am takin' some letters almost
As much as a mile, to the post,
An' "mind that you bring back the change!"*

Me!

It is partly in Mr. Kipling's revised attitude to the British soldier, which is part and parcel of the gravity of this book, that the second new note of the volume is to be found. To come upon veneration where one used to meet only with camaraderie is almost disconcerting. It is not that Tommy—we mean the Service Man—has done better work in South Africa than in previous wars, but that Mr. Kipling saw him at it. He remains what he was, but his chronicler and celebrator has become more impressed.

Perhaps nearer to the facts, although less interesting, is "The Married Man":—

*The bachelor 'e fights for one
As joyful as can be;
But the married man don't call it fun,
Because 'e fights for three.
For 'Im an' 'Er an' It
(An' Two an' One makes Three)
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea!*

*For 'Im an' 'Er an' It
(An' One from Three leaves Two),
For 'e knows you wanted to finish your bit,
An' 'e knows 'oo's wantin' you.
Yes, 'Im an' 'Er an' It
(Our 'oly One in Three),
We're all of us anxious to finish our bit,
An' we want to get 'ome to our tea.*

The line which we have italicised is out of the picture. Mr. Kipling has, indeed, been less careful of dramatic propriety than once he was. In the excellent ballad of Piet' he makes Tommy—we mean the "Service Man"—say—

*"I've 'eard him cryin' from the ground
Like Abel's blood of old"—*

surely a false touch. And in the poem "Me" from which we have quoted are such unlikely lines as—

*Me that 'ave followed my trade
In the place where the lightnin's are made,
'Twixt the Rains and the Sun and the Moon.*

These are slight blemishes. "The Five Nations" is a work conspicuous among all books by clean and clear thought, vigorous expression and imperialistic fervour, and conspicuous among Mr. Kipling's books by its seriousness and maturity of outlook.

An Unconventional Success.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI: AN UNCONVENTIONAL BIOGRAPHY. By Wilfrid Meynell. (Hutchinson. 2 vols.)

MR. MEYNELL'S method deserves a better word than unconventional. It is original, and that not by reason of its easily perceived, easily debated, form, but by reason of its manner. He rightly calls his book "an informal study of Temperament," but his study is itself distinctly temperamental, and is to be so enjoyed and explained. It is true, as it happens, that a paragraphic medley on Disraeli—done well—and how easily a paragraphic medley on Disraeli might be worthless! is well adapted to the biographical situation, which is this. So far as documents and personal knowledge go, Lord Rowton can produce, or cause to be produced, an unapproachable biography of the most picturesque and least understood statesman of modern times. But conventions and personalities hinder this event, and in the meantime the people are an-hungered for the forbidden portrait. It is not surprising that Mr. Meynell, out of respect to his subject and its ultimate illumination, should wish to avoid even the appearance of substitution. The authoritative biography will be, must be, a continuous record of Disraeli's life in its relation to home and world history. This is exactly what Mr. Meynell's work is not. It is not a continuous narrative, and it does not, except incidentally to its defined purpose, show us the Statesman. We have had great Ministers, like Pitt, who can be exhibited in hardly any character than that of the statesman, but it is otherwise with Disraeli, who would be remarkable as a writer alone, and whose activities were so charged with personality that they deposited, on every shore they brimmed against, an alluring drift of personal anecdote, conjecture, and mystery. Very wisely, as we think, Mr. Meynell has chosen to present these traits and facets of Disraeli's character in a form that never deceives the reader by an appearance of authority or

coherence to which, in the nature of the case, they have no final claim. Incomplete narrative is well exchanged for organic anecdote.

The anecdote is organic by reason of the consistent and interesting commentary. Mr. Meynell has not only a real flair for stories as such, but also for their interpretation. To the quickest eye for trait and motive he joins an uncommon zest in their pursuit along every line of their action and influence. He is perhaps never impartial, yet he is as positive in restraint as in thrust. Add that he is exceedingly well-informed, and you have a most efficient biographical guide whose over-ingenuity in comment, if it occurs, is still agreeably temperamental. It is much to be able to say of a book that only one man could have written it, and that, we think, is true of this unconventional biography. Its form, as we have said, is well adapted to external conditions, but we think Mr. Meynell adopted it simply because it was natural to him to do so, because he is less an historian or a biographer than a connoisseur of the facts of history and biography. This granted—and there is a certain irreducible duty laid on the critic to take things as he finds them—Mr. Meynell has produced a work of curious and memorable interest in which a deft and fastidious style is at the service of teeming matter.

The procedure is usually by text and comment. Take an example:—

"Man is a predatory animal. The worthiest objects of his chase are women and power. After I married Mary Anne, I desisted from the one and devoted my life to the pursuit of the other."

This is one of the many sayings which are quoted to show that Disraeli was a cynic; but which, as we know from history, need mean no more than that it was a cynic to whom they were, partly in sympathy, partly in an understood jocosity, addressed.

A similar pungency of Disraeli's calls for no explicit defence, yet a guiding phrase creeps into the comment:—

What is the difference between a misfortune and a calamity? somebody asked a new definition from Disraeli. The questioner, being no liberalist, but a man of liberal understanding, got the reply:

"Well, if Gladstone fell into the Thames, that would be a misfortune; and if anybody pulled him out, that, I suppose, would be a calamity."

Here are some Disraeliana, lovingly collected and mounted, so to speak, by his appreciator:—

To a friend who congratulated him on his first Premiership:
"Yes, I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole."

A secretary sharply scolded a servant in the presence of Lord Beaconsfield, who, when the servant had withdrawn, shrugged deprecating shoulders. "Oh! but he is such an idiot," pleaded the secretary.

Lord B.: "Has it never occurred to you that if he was not an idiot he would not be a servant."

On seeing Lord Hartington yawn during his maiden speech:
"He'll do."

After the Colenso controversy, the battle of Isandula, and the death of the Prince Imperial:

"The Zulus are a wonderful people; they defeat our generals, they convert our bishops, and they affix 'finis' to the fortunes of a French Dynasty."

Coleridge, addressing a scoffing crowd at Bristol, said:
"When on the burning embers of Democracy you throw the cold waters of reason, the result is a hiss." Disraeli, quoting this, declared to Bernal Osborne:

"That retort, made to an Athenian mob, would have prevailed; and I would rather have been the author of it than of half my speeches."

It must not for a moment be supposed that of such brevities Mr. Meynell's book is made up: they are quoted

because they are brief. Not seldom we have several pages of comment or amplification under one text. To the simple words "*Nobody is quite well*" addressed by Disraeli to Mrs. Duncan Stewart, who had asked him the conventional and rather trying question "Are you quite well?" Mr. Meynell appends a little essay on the exactingness and fatuity of habitual unconsidered salutations. Some may deem this an irrelevance, concerning which and like provocations, if they exist, it must he said in fairness that the critic's own likes and dislikes are more nearly concerned than any discernible standard to which he can point. Personally we find such notes pleasant and suggestive, and if at times Mr. Meynell seems to be, as we have hinted he is, a shade too ingeniously commentative it is a fault that passes quite as quickly as the pages.

Not seldom we have continued narrative or character sketching: as, for example, under the heading "Trepidations," where from Disraeli's curious nervousness about catching his train we pass to his nervous tricks in speaking and his quite restless anxiety when appointing a meeting in 1894 with Lord Salisbury, whom he desired as a colleague in the Ministry he was then forming. Or we have a section on Disraeli's exercise of patronage, another on his attitude to the British aristocracy, another on his kindly dealings with Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, while another is a character sketch of the unfortunate George Smythe, the George Waldershare of "Endymion." We might go on for ever cataloguing interviews, epigrams, personalities, and pronouncements, on which Mr. Meynell has exercised the cares of selection and criticism; but it will be more to the purpose to conclude with a single longer passage in which the interest of the subject and the interest of the comment are one. Here it is. The scene is no other than Disraeli's death-bed:—

"I have suffered much. Had I been a Nihilist, I should have confessed all."

What exactly was the trend of thought underlying this almost last of Lord Beaconsfield's sayings has been sometimes in dispute. Various versions of the saying went abroad; and various interpretations, born of personal wishes and sympathies, were hazarded. That he desired to confess, even as Rossetti did when he came to die—a kind of spiritual trace of Italian sojournings of the old Disraelis under the shadow of Venetian domes dominating to the third generation—and that he led the way thus, inviting a response that was never made by the shy or the inept about him; this is one ingenious theory, to which was doubtless due the further rumour that a Jesuit confessor, close at hand in Farm Street (Father Clare was named), had been summoned to his side. Others, not less of fanatics, but less of friends, read into the words, or into vague versions of them, the vacuous longing of a man who had posed all his life to pose also in death; to do, not the natural thing, but the dramatic; to gratify a scenic passion and to pass away with a last appeal, not to God, but to the gods. They found him regretting that, not being a Nihilist, he would lack the luxury of a last confession.

A quieter translation of the speech that came to that sensitive brain in the last stages of disarray, ran rather thus: "Death-bed avowals and moralisings are a legacy counted upon by the English public; and from me a section of that public expects the lip-service profession of faith I have shrunk from making in life, and cannot now bring myself to frame. As Lacordaire said, he died 'an impenitent Liberal,' so I too die an impenitent. I have nothing to retract, but if I had been a Nihilist, I should have confessed all."

A more natural rendering remains; it is also, alas! a more painful one. We would evade it with others, if we might. Yet the friend to whom the words were addressed faced it then and afterwards. There had lately been much talk in the air of Nihilists—Lord Beaconsfield's last speech was on the Tsar's assassination—and tales were told of the torture inflicted on them by the Russian Government to force them to confess. The agony he himself endured was such, he meant to say, as must have secured from him, had he been a Nihilist, an acknowledgment of guilt.

Mr. Meynell's admiration of Disraeli is thoroughgoing and pervasive, but it will be accepted as a personal fact

rather than challenged as an argumentative force, if only because the materials for the final judgment are still under lock and key. If now and then he seems to strain a situation, or uses expressions for which we are hardly prepared (as when with something like perorative ecstasy, he says of Disraeli's death-bed, "Now at last even he must pay for Adam's fault"), we think that few readers of these volumes will not receive a deepened impression of the good, the silent, the loveable elements in the character of a man of genius whose fate it was to inflict defeat and envy on so many of his illustrious contemporaries, and, after his death, to remain—sometimes—more near to us in the spirit than his successors are in the body.

Mr. Lucas's Lamb.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB. Edited by E. V. Lucas. Vol. II.: *Elia and the Last Essays of Elia*. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

SINCE we reviewed the first volume of Mr. Lucas's edition of Lamb, the fifth volume, containing the poems and plays, has been issued; and the *Essays* arrived a fortnight ago. The thoroughness and plentifulness of annotation which we dwelt upon is fully maintained in this volume. One hundred and sixty-three pages are filled with Mr. Lucas's elucidations. The question whether he has annotated too freely, carrying the duties of the critic into the domain of the schoolmaster, need not be further discussed. There will be those, doubtless, who do not wish to be reminded in plain print that when Lamb writes "grating on scarnel pipes" he is quoting "Lycidas," and who cannot admit the necessity for a definition of "fascies," an explanation of "Nessian venom," or a translation of "in puribus naturalibus." But Mr. Lucas is certainly in the right; as he says, it is a less evil that the more literary reader should find much in the notes that he knew before than that other readers should have to turn away baffled of information. And "the more literary reader" will probably find that in caring for his less-instructed brethren Mr. Lucas has in scores of instances adjusted his own recollections for him, or sprung upon him some simple unexpected fact. The present writer may not be wholly reversed in Milton and Lamb, yet he never before hit upon the truth that James Elia's delightful remark in the waiting omnibus, "Where could we be better than we are, thus sitting, thus consulting?" was inspired by Belial's speech in "Paradise Lost":—

Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?

The transference has that true Elian audacity which may blind you for years to a quotation which otherwise you are perfectly equipped to recognize. Even the more obvious notes, therefore, in the case of such a wondrously Puckish writer as Lamb, are to be allowed and welcomed. But Mr. Lucas imparts masses of information of a far newer kind: witness his notes on the originals of Mrs. Battle, Ralph Bigod, and many others; the question of Hazlitt's use of Lamb's ideas thrown out in conversation, the Brutons of Mackery End and the present aspects of that spot; and—everywhere—the difficult disentanglement of Elia as he was from Elia as he made believe. It is impossible for us to do justice to Mr. Lucas's thoroughness in the space at our disposal. To catalogue is to be dull, and to linger on any one point is, in a manner, to misrepresent. We can only emphasise the fact that this is the encyclopædic edition of Lamb, and the future resort and battle-ground of all Elian students.

Yet we have marked a few notes which, if space allowed, we might gently debate. Is Mr. Lucas right in his identification of Lamb's Herculean legless beggar ("a grand fragment, as good as an Elgin marble") with

Samuel Horsey, of whom a drawing is reproduced from Kirby's "Wonderful and Eccentric Museum"? Without dogmatising, we suggest that the beggar, of whom Lamb wrote, in 1822—

He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment; as good as an Elgin marble; the nature, which should have recruited his left leg and thighs, was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules.

was identical with the beggar whom, five years earlier, John Thomas Smith had described in his "Vagabondia" as an "extraordinary torso":—

His head, shoulders, and chest, which are exactly those of Hercules, would prove valuable models for the artist.

The Hercules who is thus described and etched by Smith, is not Samuel Horsey, but John MacNally. Were there two London legless beggars who could suggest to two minds such images of antique magnificence of physique? It is, of course, possible; and there are difficulties it were tedious to name in adopting MacNally, who in his later years trained two dogs to pull him along, yet we incline to think he was the man—the more so because Smith describes and etches Samuel Horsey without crediting him, by either pen or burin, with a specially fine physique. Nor does the Kirby drawing of Horsey seem to fill out Lamb's description.

Mr. Lucas's note on that interesting craft, the old Margate hoy, might, perhaps, have been fuller. Peter Pindar has a very quotable ode on it, mentioning two of its captains by name. It was replaced, as Mr. Lucas says, by a steamboat, the "Thames," but the remark that "the Thames, launched in 1815, was the first true steamboat the river had seen" might be supplemented by the information that it was first known to the river as the "Marjory," having been launched (in 1814) on the Clyde. The fares on the old hoy, which took more than twelve hours on the voyage, and was uncertain at that, were five shillings and half-a-guinea. One could linger long among these Elian cues and fragments, but we must end with a final word of gratitude for the index which Mr. Lucas has supplied to the *Essays*. No compositions need a good index more than these masterpieces of digression; they have it now for the first time.

Coleridge.

SELECT POEMS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Arranged in Chronological Order with Introduction and Notes by Andrew J. George. (Heath. 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a very fairly representative selection from Coleridge. Indeed, from the point of strict poetical value it is more than representative: there is a vast deal which has no poetical value at all. But the editor's aim has been to exhibit the development of Coleridge's genius; and for this purpose much which is not even poetry at all has an historical value. Even so, we would have cast the net less widely; and our sole reason for hesitating to call the book absolutely representative is that it represents too much of Coleridge's rubbish. The poems are set in chronological order, with the date—or the approximate date—prefixed to each; and we must give a special word of praise to the Notes. Not only do they give what, for so small a volume, is abundant information about the poems, but they are so handled as to form a kind of memoir, assigning to each poem its special period in Coleridge's life, and displaying the influences at work on him when it was written. The reader is thus able to view each poem in its proper relation to Coleridge's development. The editor's own critical taste is shown in casual comments; his criticisms are mostly drawn from the works of others, and are judiciously chosen.

"Five years from fifty saved!" exclaims Rossetti in his sonnet on Coleridge; and he might have shortened the period. Never has genius so illustrious been so absolutely a flash in the pan:—

He was a mighty poet, and
A subtle-souled psychologist,

sang Shelley. A "subtle-souled psychologist" and a wonderful talker he remained to the last; a "mighty poet" he was only for a brief year or so. The most singular thing is that this brief poetic power dawned as suddenly as it set. Out of mediocrity it rose, into mediocrity it sank. That is not a customary assertion, but it is true. Why it was so sluggish to disclose is more perplexing than its premature decay, for which there is cause manifold. He is at the head of those poets whose genius was (what Nordau would have all genius to be) a disease. But the genius of disease is usually precocious; so it was with Chatterton, Keats, Shelley, Blake, Rossetti. Kit Smart, indeed, took his time before writing the "Song to David"; but Kit had the good luck to go mad, or he would never have written anything resembling poetry at all—indeed, it was only at the second attempt that he went mad to any purpose. And Coleridge was never in the least degree mad.

Yet he ought to have shown poetic precocity. Few poets are geniuses to their school-fellows. Shelley was not, Keats was not, Wordsworth was not. But his school-mates at Christ's Hospital swore by the genius of the "inspired charity-boy." He was a genius even to the terrible Bowyer, his master, who assailed his poetry with "Muse, boy, Muse? Your nurse's daughter, you mean!" It was the nurse's daughter, and he addressed her in this wise:—

Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve,
In beauty's light you glide along;
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow:
Within your soul a voice there lives,
It bids you hear the tale of woe.
When, sinking low, the sufferer wails
Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
Fair as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve!

Very pretty for a lad of fifteen, and in its soft melody curiously characteristic of the mature Coleridge who wrote that later and most lovely "Genevieve"—if it was not retouched in after-years, of which we have villainous doubts, knowing his ways. His schoolfellows would swear to his being a poet: yet after he left school, though he was in love more than once, and had one bitter disappointment in love, neither love nor loss of love produced anything so good even as this poem. He assiduously poured out floods of rather stilted and quite mediocre verse; and though the influence of the Rev. Mr. Bowles's clergymanly muse simplified his style, it gave him no spark of the "right madness." Which is not surprising. Yet his friends continued to believe in—nay, admire—his poetry. It is a proof of what eighteenth-century poetry had come to.

Wordsworth taught him to be a poet. That is quite certain. Even in such a poem as "The Aeolian Harp," the one quite fine passage was added after his encounter with Wordsworth. It was a chemical interaction between the two poets. Both wrote far better after the meeting than they had ever done before it. Wordsworth received from Coleridge his philosophic mysticism, or mystical philosophy, which became the very basis of the northern poet's verse: he gave to Coleridge the very stuff of poetry. For a time, indeed, Coleridge's manner bore the stamp of Wordsworth. Besides the four great poems, and the one

or two later poems usually quoted, there is more really fine work among Coleridge's lesser poetry than is generally recognised (though, be it admitted, little enough absolutely). But it has the Wordsworthian manner so perfectly that it might well pass among Wordsworth's best work. Such is the admirable "Frost at Midnight," but that is pretty well known. Quite unknown, however, is the inserted passage of "The Aeolian Harp," to which we have already referred. The preceding passage, belonging to the pre-Wordsworthian days, leads up to it excellently.

How, by the desultory breeze caressed,
Like some coy maid half-yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraiding as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!

That is charming; but what follows is "of a higher mood":—

O the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere—
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is music slumbering on her instrument.

Is it not very Wordsworth? The metre itself changes from the soft Coleridgean to the grave Wordsworthian movement. The final image, "beautiful exceedingly," alone is pure Coleridge; the rest is very noble Wordsworth. All Wordsworth, too, is the poem written after hearing Wordsworth read his "Prelude," an echo of that poem itself. But who can care from whom it is derived, being the austere and lofty thing it is? When you have such things as the reference to the French Revolution—

When France in all her towns lay vibrating
Like some becalmed bark beneath the burst
Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when no cloud
Is visible, or shadow on the main.

Or the description of the "Prelude" as—

an Orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted!

Then, most personal and pathetic, the cry of regret over his own shattered powers:—

Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my being beat anew:
And even as life returns upon the drowned,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—
Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of hope;
And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all
Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

It was a lament, and a prophecy. All, indeed, was doomed to wasteful ruin. Of the consummate and uniquely individual Coleridge—of the "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," "Genevieve," what should we speak? It is too late a day. These things are an unparalleled union of music and verbal magic, wherein it is hard to say whether sense or sound be the more enchanted and enchanting. Were "Kubla Khan" (for instance) mere nonsense-verse, it would still be enthralling

poetry by the power of the sound alone. Even into casual and unnoted lyrics the spillings of this gift overflow; as in the trifle from "Zapolya":—

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted;
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!
He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled,
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

The melody catches you; yet what is in it? Or what sense can you attach to the lark's song? On the whole, this was surely the mightiest genius since Milton. In poetry there is not his like, when he rose to his full power; he was a philosopher the immensity of whose mind cannot be gauged by anything he has left behind; a critic the subtlest and most profound of his time. Yet these vast and varied powers flowed away in the shifting sands of talk; and what remains is but what the few land-locked pools are to the receding ocean which has left them casually behind without sensible diminution of its waters. It is the saddest and costliest wreck in literary annals; an argosy of priceless freight gone down with all its treasure, save a little flotsam which is more treasurable than most vessels' whole lading.

The Riddle of Mary.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. By Martin Hume. (Nash. 12s. 6d.)

In presenting another book upon the subject of Mary Queen of Scots, so soon after the exhaustive investigations of Mr. Cowan and Mr. Andrew Lang, the author has naturally felt that a convincing excuse is necessary. The day has gone by when an impassioned plea either for Mary Stuart's guilt or innocence can be accepted as sufficient motive for a fresh production. The public is aware by now that upon this matter there is no last word to be said. The mystery of Mary's history is among those which admit of no definite solution. More than anything the two last volumes upon her have revealed the fact that in the universality both of false statements and of false documents, there is scarcely any reliable evidence to be had. Neither party suffered from inconveniences of conscience. Those that were not with her hated her with an intensity that would have gloated to see her piecemeal. No accusation was too foul for their pleasure, and no document in their hands safe from falsifications. This point has already been made clear, and the story of Mary Queen of Scots, therefore, resolves itself for the future into more or less likely personal conjectures, of which there is already an abundant supply.

Mr. Hume's volume, though it belongs in some measure—as it could not very well avoid doing—to the above category, makes this slight deviation from the beaten track, that it proposes to be engrossed, less with the question of Mary Stuart's moral character, than with the discovery of a reason for her colossal political failure. Mr. Hume writes in an explanatory preface: "The only excuse that can be advanced for the production of a new book on Mary Stuart, is that her supremely interesting personality has so frequently led her historians into the by-path of inquiry as to her virtue or vice as to have obscured to some extent the reasons of her disastrous political failure; which, as it seems to me, did not spring from her goodness or badness as a woman, but from certain weaknesses of character quite compatible with general goodness and wisdom or with the reverse, but which fatally handicapped her as against antagonists who were less subject to such weakness."

Investigation of the political element in Mary's love affairs is the main intention of Mr. Hume's volume, and

it is through this insistence upon the political pressure which drove her so constantly into intricate matrimonial difficulties, that he has succeeded once more in giving the requisite touch of novelty to the familiar drama of her life. No writer previously has elucidated so clearly the European interest taken in Mary's actions. Not only England, but France, Spain, and other Powers were ready to intrigue for or against her, having each their own political reasons for desiring Roman Catholicism or the reverse at the head of the State so close upon Elizabeth's dominions.

Another point more strongly emphasised by Mr. Hume than has previously been the case, is the fact that Mary—cunning, subtle, by nature an adventuress—was pitted, not against men, but against two other women, Elizabeth and Catherine de Medicis. She fought all her life with enemies whom no feminine complications baffled, and who stood unbewildered in the face of the adroitest subterfuge. They knew the whole gamut of their own sex's possible tricks, instabilities, crookedness and audacities. In fact upon that subject there was nothing that either of them did not know—or practice. And what was worse, they knew all the possible weaknesses as well. As a consequence deception never really deceived. They smiled, and met it by a deeper deception still. All three women were clever diplomatists, but Elizabeth and Catherine were incomparably more clever than the other. What Mary possessed as her most effective weapon was the physical attraction of her person, and the charm of a gracious and complimentary manner. And these things to a woman not endowed with an impregnable coolness of disposition were more danger than assistance. Certainly in a contest with another woman they could only be absolutely the former. The more one reads in the sickening tragedy of her unequal struggle with Elizabeth, the more one realises that her attraction for men was one of the most lamentable advantages she possessed. Without it, she would almost undoubtedly have died suitably in her bed, instead of unbearably upon the scaffold. With it she was unendurable. As a matter of fact it could hardly have been otherwise. Elizabeth was hideous, a temptation to no man except as queen of England. And, to every ugly woman the amorous triumphs of another are a wound quickening revolt against destiny. The idea of a woman as the creature of allurements is indestructible. And to fail in her peculiar capacity—in what is so admirably called her *métier de femme*—remains for the sex a calamity for which nothing in reality can compensate.

Mr. Hume lays stress upon the misfortune this petticoated antagonism was to Mary's cause. Any other would have been more easily manipulated—this through its jealousy remained impossible. But while giving its full weight to the ill-luck which hampered every action of Mary Stuart's life, Mr. Hume insists, more openly than most of her biographers, upon the extent to which she herself helped to bring about disaster, by the helpless gusts of passion that encompassed her. Neither Elizabeth nor Catherine ever permitted passion to submerge intelligence. Both indulged frequently in affairs of the heart, but the calculation of ultimate issues was not for a moment debilitated by the amusement. In reality intensely cold women, they possessed the brains and in some respects the temperament of men. Mary, on the other hand, was a supremely typical woman, and once surrendered to passion, she had the feminine instinct to sacrifice herself for the sake of it. True, neither the passion, nor the desire for tender relinquishment, was more than temporary, but their intrusion into the delicate intricacy of her career at all was sufficient to ruin her.

Another detail to which Mr. Hume attaches more importance than is customary is Mary's intense and inadequately concealed selfishness. It was always for herself

she wept; for her own personal happiness that she took part in the trammelled basenesses and intrigues of her surroundings. Even Elizabeth was infinitely her superior as the Head of a State. In her own way Elizabeth loved and worked for her country. Her sense of responsibility was strong, and her pride in the country she governed absolutely genuine. Mary never had the smallest love for her country or her subjects, and from the beginning regarded her position as Queen of Scotland solely as a means of giving her an assured place among the Royalties of Europe.

After the death of Francis, she wrote a little poem, which is typical of her attitude to distress as affecting her. She moans:—

Qui en mon doux printemps
Et fleur de ma jeunesse
Toutes les peines sens
D'une extrême tristesse
Et en rien n'ay plaisir
Qu'en regret et desir.

Later on she bewails that she must—

En soupirs cuisants
Passer mes meilleurs ans.

Considering her age when the verses were written, she was right as to the pathos of the situation. Youth, with its appalling brevity and its gigantic capacities, does seem to suffer ill-usage when deprived of an interval of happiness. But the point of view, natural though it may have been, was not without its effect upon her life. In a politician, views such as these could only bring about ultimate disaster. And Mr. Hume impresses upon the reader the fact that Mary Stuart was required to be above all an able politician—a diplomatist of unrelaxing astuteness.

Certainly, poor lady, she was heavily handicapped. Her Roman Catholicism alone made the odds against her enormous. This mistake in religion cankered the very roots of her security. To set the example of a faith that stank in the nostrils of the majority of her subjects, was to be hated from the beginning. Both in England and in her own country the reaction against Rome was a passion. A Papist and an agent of the devil were synonymous expressions. Where Mr. Hume's endeavour fails, we think, is in the attempt to treat her life apart from her possible vice or virtue. The thing is in itself an impossibility. Her temperament impregnates the whole drama of her existence, and Mr. Hume is no sooner fairly launched upon his subject than he like the rest is immersed in the question of her guilt or her comparative innocence. On the whole Mr. Hume is another in support of a considerable degree of guiltiness—and of connivance in the Darnley murder. But he rightly enough—though Mr. Lang has already done this also—attenuates her guilt by pointing out the fact that murder in those days was unencumbered by the heinousness that has since attached to it. Murder was common, the natural consequence of the habits of the period. People of an intolerable inconvenience were habitually given a sudden sending off, and one human life sacrificed for political purposes was not considered an inordinate number. Intense respect for individual existence is a later development; also the elaborate care taken of it. In Mary's time life was more lightly considered. Men staked it upon trivial provocations, and the most sensitive nerves were hardened to the sight of blood and acute physical agonies. With torture and the stake in the full tide of fashion, it would have been impossible to set the present significance upon the forcible removal of an odious person. The murder of Darnley was wicked enough, but it was not as bad as it reads in the light of twentieth century manners. And Mary at the time was pretty well distraught with the growing intrusiveness and diversity of her ominous political situation.

An Amazing Autobiography.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Helen Keller. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is one of the most remarkable and interesting books, from a psychological standpoint, that we have met for a long time. Even from a purely human standpoint its interest is great; while to specialists in treatment of the deaf and blind it is necessarily of singular value. It is a deaf and blind girl's story of the way in which she was restored to communion with her fellow-beings, and ultimately attained a high degree of education. The instrument in this achievement was Miss Sullivan, who had herself been blind, but ultimately recovered partial sight, and perfected a method of talking to the blind by means of spelling with the fingers on the palm of the blind person's hand. To the deaf and blind Helen Keller's own narrative, and the letters written by her, are added the letters in which this lady recorded for a correspondent the gradual progress of the educational task she had undertaken, and some supplementary details of that education, arranged by Mr. J. A. Macy from her information.

Miss Keller's narrative is made the more interesting by a remarkable memory which reaches back into that nebulous region of early infancy, which to most of us is utter darkness. Perhaps we shall best suggest the peculiar attraction of her tale if we follow with some closeness the story of how she first gained—or regained—communication with the outside world. We say “regained,” for Helen Keller's affliction was not congenital; and this undoubtedly had much to do with the success of her teacher's experiment. This baby of a solitary country family in remote Alabama, U.S.A., was nineteen months old when a severe illness destroyed sight and hearing; and already lisped a few words. For some time after her misfortune she continued imperfectly to utter one word she had learned, “water.” Note that word to which her memory clung so strenuously; for on that rested her after recovery of language. But finally it too went; and she had no tongue left save signs. Poor Helen actually remembers vaguely her agony when she became conscious after her illness; the painful turning away from the light which daily dwindled towards its total eclipse. The misery of the utter blindness, deafness, and wordlessness, which then fell upon her slowly grew insupportable. She saw that her mother and her friends did not, like herself, use signs, but their lips.

Sometimes I stood between two persons who were conversing and touched their lips. I could not understand, and was vexed. I moved my lips and gesticulated frantically without result. This made me so angry at times that I kicked and screamed until I was exhausted. I think I knew when I was naughty, for I knew that it hurt Ella, my nurse, to kick her, and when my fit of temper was over I had a feeling akin to regret. But I cannot remember any instance in which this feeling prevented me from repeating the naughtiness when I failed to get what I wanted.

She became, in fact, a mischievous, wilful, passionate, headstrong child; and her parents' injudicious fondness in giving way to her fostered it into downright tyranny. She did what she pleased, and no one dared resist her. Love she knew not; a selfish instinct of liking, which did not prevent her from injuring the objects of it, was the nearest she could achieve to love. It is a painful proof that human love is only learned by communication with others. Her affliction caused accidents. Drying her wet pinafore, she threw it over the fire to hasten the process, and was nearly burned to death.

The desire to express myself grew. The few signs I used became less and less adequate, and my failures to make myself understood were invariably followed by outbursts of passion. I felt as if invisible hands were holding me, and I made frantic efforts to free myself. I struggled—not that

struggling helped matters, but the spirit of resistance was strong within me; I generally broke down in tears and physical exhaustion. If my mother happened to be near I crept into her arms, too miserable even to remember the cause of the tempest. After awhile the need of some means of communication became so urgent that these outbursts occurred daily, sometimes hourly.

A teacher became imperative; and at last Miss Sullivan came. By that time, says Helen, "anger and bitterness had preyed upon me continually for weeks, and a deep languor had succeeded this passionate struggle." The teacher was a new and exciting experience, but the child, now about five years old, had neither intention nor idea of obeying her. Miss Sullivan found she had a handful, and the parents sided with the child. It was necessary to get her away from her parents, and for a few weeks this was managed. Child and teacher lived by themselves in a cottage. Then began the struggle. Helen would yield to nothing but brute force. The first night they slept together, as soon as Helen felt the teacher beside her she flew out of bed, and could only be dragged back by main force. By main force she had to be held in bed, till after an hour or so Helen was the first to become exhausted. She gave in; and from that time she obeyed. Then her training began. She was taught sewing and various educational pastimes. Most important of all, she was taught various words through the manual spelling already mentioned. Not only were they taught her at set times, but all through the day Miss Sullivan was constantly spelling into her hand the names of various things connected with their day's employment. But Helen learned these mechanically. She had no idea that everything had a name—no conception of language, in fact. In particular, she confounded *milk* with the *jug* containing the milk. One day Miss Sullivan made an attempt. She had given the child a doll, and Helen had been taught the word *doll* in connection with it. The teacher brought another of her dolls, a rag-doll, and spelt the word *doll* into her hand, trying to make her understand that it applied to both. She spelt the word into her hand again and again—in vain. Puzzled and vexed, Helen took the gift-doll and dashed it to pieces on the floor. She was delighted with her mischief, and to have got rid of her annoyance. Miss Sullivan, undaunted, then tried to teach her the difference between a liquid and the vessel containing it—the same attempt in another way. Helen had the day before, when she was being washed, asked her to spell the word for water. She now took the child to the pump-house, made her hold her mug under the spout, and pumped the water into it; at the same time spelling into the other hand, first slowly and then quickly, *water* over and over again. The teacher writes:—

The word coming so close upon the sensation of cold water rushing over her hands seemed to startle her. She dropped the mug and stood as one transfixed. A new light came into her face. She spelled *water* several times. Then she dropped on the ground and asked for its name, and pointed to the pump and the trellis, and suddenly turning round she asked for my name. I spelled *teacher*. Just then the nurse brought Helen's little sister into the pump-house, and Helen spelled *baby* [a word previously taught her] and pointed to the nurse. All the way back to the house she was highly excited, and learned the name of every object she touched.

It is plain what had chanced, though neither teacher nor pupil seems aware of it. *Water* was the word she had remembered and repeated so long after her misfortune. That dormant memory had been stirred, and therewith the dim memories of her baby speech. This is borne out by Helen's own account of the event. She says:—

I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motion of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I

knew then that "water" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. . . . I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house each object that I touched seemed to quiver with life. That was because I saw everything with the strange, new sight that had come to me. On entering the door I remembered the doll I had broken. I felt my way to the hearth and picked up the pieces. I tried vainly to put them together. Then my eyes filled with tears, for I realised what I had done, and for the first time I felt repentance and sorrow. I learned a great many new words that day [some thirty, her teacher says]. I do not remember what they all were; but I do know that *mother*, *father*, *sister*, *teacher*, were among them—words that were to make the world blossom for me, "like Aaron's rod, with flowers." It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day, and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

Beyond this crucial event we need not go. The reader will see the nature of the book. Miss Keller's own letters are of great interest and pathos, especially some to Dr. Wendell Holmes. In one she relates her joy when she first began to speak a little. The child stood in the night and cried, "Come to me, dear moon!" She asks the Doctor whether he supposes "the lovely moon" was delighted to hear her? Many of the psychological details with regard to such a girl's perceptions of things are extremely attractive; and altogether this is a book which has much pleased and enlightened us.

Other New Books.

THE DURBAR. By Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. (Black. 20s. net.)

THIS volume is unquestionably the best pictorial representation of the Durbar which has appeared. Only colour, however inadequate, could suggest the shifting splendour of sunlight and costume and the sinuous glitter of great processions, and Mr. Menpes has used colour with brilliant effect. The book is one to linger over quietly in these autumn days, when the mists begin to rob us of sunshine. Most of the drawings of typical single figures are excellent, their subjects being touched either with unconscious dignity or with a dignity so conscious that it carries no sense of unreal pose. But on the whole we like best Mr. Menpes's representations of crowds, or detached groups. The drawing called "A Blaze of Sun" has secured the quality of sunlight so adroitly that the eyes are almost conscious of reflected heat, and the "State Entry" has a quite remarkable effect of colour and movement.

Miss Menpes's text is bright and gossipy, though one is rather confused between the writer and the artist, until one realises that the writer is acting rather as an amanuensis than on her own account. But the text has not the distinction of the drawings; it is too full of paint, as it were, too visual, to be closely allied to literature.

The reproduction of the drawings is in every way excellent; the colour is very pure and true.

MR. WOODHOUSE'S CORRESPONDENCE. By G. R. and E. S. (Methuen. 6s.)

THESE letters, which originally appeared in the "Pilot" in serial form, successfully bear the test of continuous reading. The satire is not particularly subtle, but it is of that indirect kind which leaves judgment to the reader, and is therefore consoling to the moral sense. Mr. Algernon Wentworth-Woodhouse, in common with most of his correspondents, is selfish, windily complacent, and altogether preposterous. Yet he is true enough, within limits, and his letters to his absurd goddaughter,

who hankers after literature without having the smallest capacity for it, are instant in their appeal to laughter. The goddaughter's letters to Mr. Woodhouse are just as good; indeed, all the letters are delightfully characteristic of types just carried to the borders of caricature. Mr. Woodhouse's worrying relatives, who at last drive him to a futile exasperation which ends in his marriage to a *masseuse*, are all admirably suggested. There are two really nice people in the book who serve as foils to the silly time-servers who in the main make up the Woodhouse family and its connections. Here are a couple of extracts from Mr. Woodhouse's correspondence:—

The late Master of Balliol—a man, in my judgment, greatly overrated (his name was Jowett; you may have heard your father mention it)—went so far as to say that if we had talked less about The Unconditioned and read more Thucydides we might have done better in the Schools (or final examinations).

Literature is one of the most dignified of employments, and cases have come to my knowledge where the authors of religious novels have even been able to purchase landed property with the products of their pen.

It is long since the selfish and the sententious have been so well played with as in this entertaining volume.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
By Colonel W. F. Prideaux. (Hollings. 10s. 6d. net.)

No writer, surely, was ever so much written about in his own time, and so continuously for some years after his death, as Stevenson. There were a score of reasons why he should take and hold the popular as well as the literary imagination, but no one could possibly have foreseen that book after book concerning him would have appeared and found its public. This latest addition to the still growing bulk of Stevenson literature contains three hundred pages, of which two hundred and fifty are occupied with Stevenson's own work in its various original and reprinted forms; the remaining fifty pages are devoted to books and selected articles with Stevenson for subject. There can be no question of the value of Colonel Prideaux's work to people who rejoice in such details, and it will have a value, too, when much that has been written concerning Stevenson shall have passed out of currency. For at least it deals with things which he did, with the results of his own effort, and not with more or less conjectural opinions about his life, and character, and faith.

The author prefaces his book with a pleasant introduction in which he refers to certain difficulties which beset the path of the bibliographer, difficulties largely the result of untrue or misleading statements. Thus Mr. Graham Balfour stated that Stevenson contributed to the San Francisco "Bulletin" a couple of papers which he had not specially written for it; to which Mr. Lloyd Osbourne replies that "Mr. Stevenson *never* contributed anything to the San Francisco 'Bulletin' or any other San Francisco paper." Other statements, in like manner, though they have not conclusively been refuted, have failed to find verification. But these are small matters, and are really of very little importance.

The present volume is uniform with the "Edinburgh Edition," and only six hundred copies have been printed.

Fiction.

PETRONILLA HEROVEN. By U. L. Silberrad. (Constable. 6s.)

It is a pity to see a bright and particular talent sprouting on the skin-deep soil called Ineffectuality. This spectacle is afforded by Miss Silberrad's latest novel, which noticeably declines from the standard herself has set. The title promises a portrait, and it is fair to say that in the wild

but wary Petronilla, who bears her illegitimacy with a haughty courage, Miss Silberrad has worthily added to her small gallery of fascinating and original heroines. No little skill is shown in illustrating a character whereof the fineness is no more inevitable than the crudity, and the mystic light thrown on her career by the experiment of hemp-sowing on All Hallows' Eve is romantically just. Still we can but toll what Mr. Meredith whimsically calls "the utter night-cap negative" over the artificial coils in which she entangles the identity of a hermit who bubbles over with harmless contempt for ethical terms. The villain too, and his connection with prussic acid, are realised in a fashion negligently Braddonian and therefore a little absurd.

In fine, Miss Silberrad has made the mistake of addressing herself both to the vulgar appetite for hasty "sensations" and to the cultured reader whose illusions are dispelled by all ill-considered changes and catastrophes. With the genuine humour which drew Polly Hains in "Princess Puck" and Mrs. Wopling in the present novel, to say nothing of the power to create women like strayed goddesses who have forgotten the Pantheon—overwomen (if Nietzsche's translators will pass us the word)—Miss Silberrad has no need to complicate her narratives and thereby impair the sincerity of her appeal.

THE ROSE OF JOY. By Mary Findlater. (Methuen. 6s.)

THIS is an interesting book, both in conception and in treatment. The conception is, perhaps, a little too ambitious for the treatment; but that is a fault on the right side, and to find a novel with a real idea in it, rather a big idea in its way, is at least refreshing. The interest of the story centres round the girl Susan, a girl who is not pretty, who dresses badly and knows none of the arts of making herself attractive, but who is singularly attractive just because of that something in her that some call the artistic temperament, and that is really a love of beauty. The character is so well drawn that we feel the attraction of it ourselves, though the author never lets us forget that Susan is quite plain and wears the most unbecoming of garments. Her artistic temperament is the real thing, too; she does not talk about it, scarcely knows she has it, and yet feels so surely that her desire for achievement blunts every other feeling in her, so that, when the end comes to her unsatisfactory marriage and the man she does love proposes to her, she chooses to remain single. But the story spoils in the bare telling, as the best story always does; it is the author's treatment of it that makes "The Rose of Joy" such a convincing book. Nothing in it is exaggerated; even the unhappiness of the marriage between two people who have married for convenience rather than for love, and who both have the kind of character that does not fit the domestic environment, is so subtly told that it requires a certain amount of perception on the part of the reader to discover that it is meant to be an unhappy marriage—which is exactly how it would strike the onlooker in real life. We are spared, too, any sudden leap to fame on the part of the heroine, when she does give up her life to painting; it is only the third-rate novelist who never can realise that it is possible to have the artistic temperament without taking the world by storm. Miss Findlater has written an original and charming story in "The Rose of Joy."

THE POOL IN THE DESERT. By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). (Methuen. 6s.)

FOUR notable short novels are a handsome allowance for a book that only bears the title of one of them and that one not the best of the bunch. "The Pool in the Desert" is a clever experiment in the style or rather the

mannerism of Mr. Henry James. The subject is not inappropriate, for it is a study in incipient adultery which fails of development and ends in a renunciation when the paramount obstacle is removed. The scene is in India, as it is more or less in all the stories, and one is certainly touched by the middle-aged enchantress whose love for a man in his twenties so glorified her that, says the narrator, "I saw her through such a radiance that I could not be sure of seeing her at all." The interest gains by the friendship between this woman of forty and the mother of her lover, but appeal as the story may, we prefer the admirable study in parental relations which immediately follows it. "A Mother in India" forcibly presents a case that is really typical of family life in India: we mean the obligatory separation of child and parent. The soldier's wife of Mrs. Cotes' story is forced to commit her only child to the care of her husband's relations, and when she makes the little creature's acquaintance, it is more than the latter can bear without "hiding its face in the [aunt's] bosom that it knew." The timidity wears off, but the sense of estrangement persists, and the woman who has lived in stir and danger is ultimately companioned for life by a faultlessly priggish maiden, wearing none of that "look of wider seas and skies," with or without "the casual experienced glance, the touch of irony and of tolerance," which her mother attributed to Anglo-Indians. In "An Impossible Ideal" Mrs. Cotes refreshingly recounts the saving relapse into Bohemianism of an artist who was tempted to conquer the Philistines of Simla, and in her last story a jocular bigamist is too entangled in coincidence to be quite convincing. But there is movement and character throughout the volume, and a humour which, in the phrase "precipitous lap," contributes a new comic image to the literature of obesity.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE CAPTAIN'S TOLL-GATE.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

A story of Old Virginia. The volume contains a memorial sketch by Mrs. Stockton. "In regard to the present story," we are told, "although it is now after his death first published, it was all written and completed by Mr. Stockton himself." There is a portrait of the author and four illustrations of his Virginian home. "The Captain's Toll-Gate" is a love story in Mr. Stockton's characteristic vein. (Cassell. 6s.)

WHERE LOVE IS.

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

A clever society novel opening with an after-dinner conversation between Norma Hardacre of the "smart" world, and Jimmie the unsuccessful artist with frayed shirt cuffs. "Cynicism seems cheap to-day," said Jimmie, with a smile that redeemed his words from impertinence. "Won't you give me something of yourself a little more worth having?" That was Jimmie's point of view, which is refreshing by contrast with that of some of the other characters. The action consists largely of social engagements, and the story is carried forward in light dialogue. (Lane. 6s.)

OUR LADY'S INN.

BY J. STORER CLOUSTON.

By the author of "The Adventures of M. D'Haricot." The story opens in "a certain easterly part of Scotland," where we find the heroine returning to the home of her Aunt who had "given her shelter gratis" since she became an orphan. The book tells of her engagement to a rich and elderly gentleman, her escape and adventures in London, to which she had travelled in male attire, and

of a strange coincidence that befel after she took chambers in "Our Lady's Inn." In his opening sentence the author describes the book as "a tale about a woman told by the crude pen of a man." (Blackwood. 6s.)

A BUTTERFLY.

BY IZA DUFFUS HARDY.

"A Butterfly, her friends and her fortunes." In the first chapter it is whispered by her friends that the millionaire would be "a catch for Amy Clavering," although his admiration was still in "an early stage." The fortunes of the book include a shipwreck, but its atmosphere is chiefly domestic. "Amy's creed with regard to matrimony was that it did not matter which had the money so long as the money was there," and accordingly we find that the name of the man she married was Patrick, and that he was not a millionaire. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

BY DAVID LYALL.

Eight stories, of which the longest, occupying two-thirds of the book, is entitled "A Woman Journalist." This is an account of the familiar struggle, written in the first person by a woman who came to London because there were "too many of us at home," and who took to journalism because she "had always been fond of writing." In the other stories the author returns to his delineation of Scottish country life. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

THE JESTERS.

BY RITA.

The story opens "in the large central hall or lounge of the palatial building known as King Arthur's Castle Hotel at Tintagel." Here we find Lady Betty, "an ultra-smart and pretty person, who saw everything through a haze of her own rainbow moods"; her friend, described as "such a feather-pillow of a woman"; two colourless men, and an American girl, who was "an enthusiast on the subject of Arthurian legend." An average story of "smart" life, the scene of the action being chiefly in Cornwall. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

TREASURE AND HEART.

BY MARY DEANE.

A story about a Florentine "antiquario," a Parisian amateur, a Gainsborough portrait, and a founding who is adopted by the antiquario after the sale of old china and bric-à-brac at Havre with which the book opens. The scene changes to Italy and to Lorenzo's shop in Florence where Cara grew up. The atmosphere of the story is one of Greek lace, Venetian glass, niello enamel, Spanish leather and Della Robbia ware. (Murray. 6s.)

SETTLING DAY.

BY ALFRED HURRY.

A story of the Stock Exchange, by the author of "In the City." The hero is a young man who bought "Brighton A's" with his employer's money in the hope that they would "rise." When the inevitable happened he became, for a time, a professional swindler. A brightly written story, free from padding and with a strong love interest. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

We have also received: "A Splendid Impostor," by Fred Wishaw (Chatto); "The Ladies of the Manor," by G. B. Burgin (Grant Richards); "Golden Fleece," by David Graham Phillips (Grant Richards); "The Silver Spoon," by Major Arthur Griffiths (White); "A Queer Affair," by Guy Boothby (White); "The Coast of Freedom," by Marie Shaw (Hodder); "The Intervening Sea," by David Lyall (Religious Tract Society); "Free Soil, Free Soul," by Lucas Cleeve (Digby, Long); "This Fair Outcast," by Ralph Lewin (Hurst and Blackett); "Life's Counterpoint," by Lily Perks (Pearson); "Beatrice Froyle's Crime," by Florence Warden (Pearson).

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The Faith of Literature.

A WEEK or two ago an article in these columns ended with this quotation from Herbert Spencer: "Of the ends to be kept in view by the legislator, all are unimportant compared to the end of character-making. This alone is national education." We repeat the sentence, not so much for the truth it contains, as simply because it was quoted. Here are words which, in practice, nobody believes. Legislators do not believe them, for when they talk of the necessity of improving our education they always point to the danger of commercial rivalry. When they tell us we ought to study modern languages, do they mean that modern languages form character? Not a bit of it. They mean that modern languages produce good bagmen. When Lord Rosebery urges us to spend any amount of money on a Technical Institute like the Charlottenburg Polytechnic, does he argue that technical institutes conduce to character-making? Not at all. His real argument is that, unless we improve in chemistry, the Germans will continue to undersell us in chemical dyes and chemical wines. But our legislators are not to blame, for it is the same with parents. Nearly all of them choose a public school where the richest people send their sons, provided it is just within their own means; the remainder choose the school most like to train a boy best for his future profession, whether technical or learned. It never occurs to them that all these things—acquaintance with the nobility and the rich, skill in handicraft, knowledge of the classics, or fame in cricket—are unimportant compared with the end of character-making. In all probability it has never occurred to them that education has anything to do with character at all.

And yet Herbert Spencer was right. When the truth is stated, most people would now admit it, though no one acts upon it yet. It is a truth on the way to recognition. It was proclaimed in the faith that some day it would be recognised, and there can be no doubt the faith will be justified. That it has been stated some thirty or forty years and is not yet realised makes no difference to its truth, and faith can always afford to wait. Waiting is its trade.

Or take another instance of a very similar kind. William Blake said: "The wretched state of the arts originates in the wretched state of political science (which is the science of sciences)." The saying is true in the main, though to Blake's contemporaries it must have appeared only another evidence of his insanity. Since his day Ruskin has come and proclaimed the same doctrine for sixty years without ceasing. Most people are now aware that the doctrine has a glimmering of sense, and very many would admit its truth. But in practice it is still almost universally believed that the arts can be improved by the multiplication of art schools, and that the increased number of paintings which rich people hang

upon their walls is an evidence of the improvement. In actual life it is never realised that "the wretched state of the arts" originates in the "wretched state of political science." Although the condition of the arts has improved vastly since Blake's day, the general idea of his doctrine is still waiting for recognition. But that it has to wait—that even Ruskin's sweet voice, captivating all hearers for so many years, has not brought its realisation much nearer—this does not in the least affect its truth. In those periods when the daily lives of a people are hideous and degraded, the arts take tone from their environment. Whether the people and their governors recognise this or not, makes no difference at all. It is a matter of faith; it may be recognised in time.

And what is seen to be true in the practical doctrines of education and political science, is even more obviously true in literature. All good literature must be written in faith. That is its necessary condition. The writer's appeal is not immediate like an actor's or an orator's, or even like a painter's, a sculptor's, or a musician's. Its form is invisible, and in modern times usually inaudible too. It works solely upon the lonely mind, and has no outward aid. Nor can its effect be tested by anything like the demonstrations of a theatre. A novelist once saw a young person blush over one of his books. An Emperor once saw a dull person laughing over Don Quixote. But such visible expressions of emotion are rare, and in these days of print, the author himself can hardly ever hope to witness them. That is why he of all working people needs most faith. He has to cast his bread upon the waters, but it is extremely unlikely that he will find it again after many days. And (without driving a metaphor too far) we may say that the better the bread, the less chance he has of finding it. Instances are almost too obvious, but let us take the highest of all and remember that it was only by a mere fluke that Shakespeare's best plays were even thought worth preserving. Or, to take the case of Blake again, what chance of recognition had the "Songs of Innocence" in 1789? Within some thirty or forty years Charles Lamb and Wordsworth had discovered them. Within another fifty or sixty years after that they became the common property of all who love literature; but by what faith in beauty and in man's ultimate recognition of beauty must the poet have been inspired, who at the time when English verse had perhaps touched its lowest point could raise the song of "The Echoing Green," or "The Chimney-Sweeper," or "The Divine Image," or that song of "Night" with its metre of subtle and varying beauty. For a hundred and fifty years nothing to compare with such things had been heard in England, and the world around Blake was contemptuously deaf to them. He could only write in faith that some day human beings would again be born with minds sufficiently like his own to perceive the beauty of his work. To remove a mountain is a trivial task compared with the confidence in so vast a change; and yet the change came.

It is this faith in the ultimate similarity of great minds which makes great literature possible, for not even genius could produce without the hope that at some time its work would be taken at its value. An evidence for the faith may be seen in the peculiarity of all the work of the highest genius—that it appears capable of growth, no matter how old it has become. There are passages in Homer and Shakespeare which it has been impossible for the world to appreciate or understand till this very moment. They appear to have been growing with the world, so much more can the world discover in them now than at any past time. This is why the works and teachings of the highest genius are rightly called immortal. They never grow old because they are always growing new. Anyone with five years' courage may test this quality of excellence for himself. Let him take some

great book, like the Bible, which has been familiar to him from his childhood. Let him seal it up for five years and try to forget all about it while he goes on leading an active life, travels, associates with various kinds of men, works hard, and reads occasionally. Then let him open the sealed book again, and he will find what a different thing it has become whilst it has lain apparently so still. Much of it may have rotted away and become abhorrent, but the best part, the part of genius, will have gained a lustre, a kindling depth of meaning, of which he had no conception before. With what a sweet shock of revelation will the man who has lived in mining circles, or in clubs and Courts, or among philanthropists, come upon that passage about considering the lilies. It was trite with the trappings of ten thousand clergy, but now it has recovered and grown; it sparkles with new rays like the frost; it is seen to include the garment of the soul as well as of the body; it is the secret of genius; it is the law of life.

"I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came." When the poet of Job wrote that astonishing paradox, he was feeling out to an age still hidden by four thousand years from his own. It sometimes seems as though no one could have understood his meaning till the days of Carlyle. What did mankind realise of Montaigne's friendship for Steven de la Boitie till Walter Pater came? Or who has sailed with Drake and Hawkins till to-day? These are but diverse instances of the power of faith by which men, who have grasped at the very heart of life, have put on record the thing they found in assured confidence that the human mind at its moments of greatness is always the same, and that the highest human thought possesses in itself the growing power of immortality. Those who work for the moment have their reward. In every generation they have audience fit though many. Plenty of the mediocre, the indifferent, the good-enough can always be had to meet the passing demand. That is why the mediocre, the indifferent, the good-enough can never survive, for next year's season snuffs them over with a fall of the same quality and they are at rest. "What reck's it them? What need they? They are sped." But the few who have ears to listen to the voice of life herself, must work by faith. They speak to their kindred in unknown places and unknown times, assured of recognition, for, as the poet said, the gods are known to each other.

Mr. Meredith as Poet.

OVERSHADOWED by his preeminent claims as a novelist, Mr. George Meredith's poetry is to many of the public a hidden thing. Scarce a rumour, we doubt, of Meredith the poet drifts to the many who are tempted by fame upon the emprise perilous of the novels. Yet Meredith the poet shows clearly through Meredith the novelist; as (at times) Meredith the novelist shows not obscurely through Meredith the poet. Mr. Meredith is a poet; a poet of a peculiar quality which has no parallel in English poetry save it be that of Browning. (And, by the way, were there not some makings of a very unique novelist in Browning?) But though Browning offers an alluring parallel to Mr. Meredith, superficially; it is yet rather obvious than essential. Browning's constant exploration of devious ways in human character is, on the whole, absent from Mr. Meredith. One might say there is more of the novelist in Browning's than in Meredith's verse. Mr. Meredith's poetry as a whole is not dramatic, or narrative, but lyrical and almost constantly philosophical. No less than Wordsworth's, though in other way and to quite other issue, it is busy with the relation between Nature and Man. That man must seek nothing beyond

Nature, and must take Nature as he finds her, seeking content in conformity with her often stern but always vitalising and wise law, is the general theme. So in "Earth and a Wedded Woman." The bride has—

Struck the roots which meet the fires
Beneath, and bind us fast with Earth, to know
The strength of her desires,
The sternness of her woe.

Though the maidens are light, heart-free, and care-free,—

Yet Grief would not change fates with such as they.

What is the law of this Nature with which we must become united? That is a question which Mr. Meredith answers in many details, too many for us to follow. One is the conciliation of Aphrodite and Artemis—that is, the union of sexual passion with sexual restraint, a theme treated also in the novels. But these things are also of the substance: what concerning the form? This is Meredith the philosopher: what of Meredith the poet?

His qualities and defects might be surmised from the novels, wherein there is such leaven of the poet; and so it proves. In the novels he is an assiduous maker of phrases, a seeker after compressed and striking utterances. The poetry, yet more, is a tissue of pregnant and vivid diction, of bold and even audacious imagery; lines wherein matter and utterance are intertwined like knots of snakes. This knitted, not to say gnarled phrase, the highly figurative speech, and the thought often abstract and difficult, make his poetry at once strenuous and stimulant reading. But in his research of condensed speech, he falls into much the same pitfalls as Browning. He has numerous elisions, which often lead to ambiguity; he too commonly omits connective particles, in a way which frequently gives the acutest reader half-hours of torture before he discovers the "missing word." In fact, chosen bits of Meredith or Browning would make a "missing-word competition" from which newspaper-readers would recoil aghast. These things make him too often truly and faultily obscure.

His metre has all the ruggedness of Browning's (and it is curious that, like Browning, his cult and knowledge of music have been unusual among poets). To our mind, though in a different way, it is more habitually and blameably rough than Browning's. Ruggedness is quite compatible with noble harmony; but roughness is another matter. And Mr. Meredith's is habitually rough from the same causes which make him obscure. The restless effort or rather disposition to be continually on the tip-toes of strenuousness, a continual mental gymnast, turning through intellectual and expressional hoops, keep his metre restless and turmoilled. It scarce for half-a-dozen lines returns to the normal, reposeful, and central movement; but is always gyrating around and away from that normal centre. The deflection of law becomes the rule rather than the exception; so that law is really trampled into the mire, and the reader can never pause, take breath, and feel firm ground under his feet. He is like Noah's dove, adrift over a deluge of troubled metre.

But with all these faults Mr. Meredith will not suffer you to forget his authentic power; intermittently surprises you, in his most brambly poems, by passages of that sheer beauty which for its own sake he disdains; while in a poem here and there he suffers the poet in him to come almost absolutely to the surface, unbuffeted by that pre-occupation with other things which elsewhere disturbs our perception. And it is upon the absolute poet in Mr. Meredith that we would fix our attention, having said what needed saying about the alloy in him. For sheer beauty (we do not say poetry, since poetry includes much besides beauty) Mr. Meredith has never surpassed, or indeed equalled, his early "Love in the Valley." It is one of the loveliest love-poems in the language. The very metre loses its customary induration, and lapses into

the most charming *cantabile*. We believe Mr. Meredith prided himself on this metre, as an experiment in classic adaptation; and (though we may dissent from this theory) the actual beauty of it justifies any pride. The poem sings itself like a brook in the woods. In language, it has a vernal and virginal charm; it is the very poem of maidenhood, rusticity, and maiden love. The figure of the village girl is set against a country background changeful under all the sequent seasons, and sung with a young ardour that has the dew upon it:—

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
More love should I have, and much less care.
When her mother tends her before the bashful mirror,
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
I should miss but one for many boys and girls.

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows
Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon.
No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder:
Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon.
Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,
Even as in a dance; and her smile can heal no less:
Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers with
hailstones
Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and bless.

It tempts to continued quotation. More than any Meredithian poem, it has little descriptive vignettes (for Meredith has never concerned himself with that lowest, but nowadays popular application of poetry). As thus:—

Mother of the dews, dark eye-lashed twilight,
Low-lidded twilight, o'er the valley's brim,
Rounding on thy breast sings the dew-delighted skylark,
Clear as though the dewdrops had their voice in him.
Hidden where the rose-flush drinks the rayless planet,
Fountain-full he pours the spraying fountain showers.
Let me hear her laughter, I would have her ever
Cool as dew in twilight, the lark above the flowers.

Such lovely glimpses are their own praise. But we would pass to a very different poem—yet cognate, since War has ever neighboured Love in poets' songs. Though we have said Mr. Meredith is chiefly a lyric poet, not narrative or dramatic, two of the poems on which we especially dwell are more or less narrative in scheme. Yet "The Nuptials of Attila" is really a dramatic lyric; or rather a lyric in which, assuming the personality of a barbaric warrior, Mr. Meredith vents his own Celtic ardour of battle. Only a Celt—not a steady warlike Saxon or Norman—could have written this amazing and torrentuous out-rush of Tartaric martial frenzy. It "comes down like lava, that confounds a city of the plain." No stubborn-burning fire of Teuton war is this; but fierce, maddened and maddening, swift and eddying like whirlwind and flame. The metre uncoils from the knottiness characteristic of Mr. Meredith, and descends like a cataract, with astonishing impetuosity and rapidity: at times it fairly leaps and bounds with its inward fury. With it we should rank amongst Mr. Meredith's masterwork the "Day of the Daughter of Hades." It is more strictly typical of the poet than either of the others: more in his style of close-grained expression, and has a distinct Meredithian philosophy underlying its narrative. Narration it is, technically; but Meredith's irrepressible lyricism informs it throughout. The daughter of Dis and Persephone (Pluto and Proserpine) slips from her mother's car during the periodical tryst of Persephone with her mother, Demeter (or Ceres); and plays truant on earth for a day. Her joy in the unknown light and earth, her day's love-encounter with a young shepherd, Callistes, make the poem. It is full of power and vividness—that off-hand strength, that careless and masterful twisting of a phrase between finger and thumb, and flinging it off amazingly right once for all, in which he has at times a

suggestion of Shakespeare, though remote enough from Shakespearean composure.

There is one image which only Meredith or Shakespeare could have dared and successfully compassed—"Rushing at land Like the teeth of the famished at meat." But no quotation can give the strength and appeal of this poem; not even the beautifully original image which describes the meeting of Demeter and Persephone:—

They stood by the chariot-wheel
Embraced, very tall, most like
Fellow-poplars, wind-taken, that reel
Down their shivering columns, and strike
Head to head, crossing throats.

That is poetry of the first order. There is one poem, however, in which the novelist is visible through and united with the poet—"Modern Love." It is at bottom a Meredithian novel in verse: yet is it couched in lyric form. It is, indeed, told in stanzas which are all but sonnets; and the speech is sometimes that of the narrator, sometimes the dramatic speech of the characters—husband and wife. Since the difference is not marked by "quotes," it is often uneasy to follow the abrupt transitions, or realise who is meant to be speaking (for this, also, is left to the reader's understanding); while the characteristic ellipses and omissions of connecting words are here often peculiarly baffling. It is no easy poem, therefore; but is full of beauty, and the subtle analysis of character and motive which we associate with the novelist. Nowhere else—not even in his novels—have we brought out so delicately the peculiar tragedy of modern life—its voicelessness; the way in which the agonies of the soul are suppressed behind a mask of compulsory commonplace, so that the inner self bleeds to death, while the outer self prattles well-bred inanities. The examples we have cited of Mr. Meredith's poetry cover a wide enough range. Yet they are far from covering the whole range. It is a singular incompert, defiant genius which his poetic work presents to us. In his novels the necessity of being read puts some check on his personality. In his poetry, delivering himself to the blissful conviction that there is no need for him to be read, he writes after his heart's desire. And through sheer strength he secures that his poetry, despite its much formidableness, shall be read with strenuous delight.

The Spirit of Place.

We referred last week, apropos of certain classifications in Messrs. Mudie's current catalogue, to the subject of place in fiction, and we said that place, as a mere background, went for little, that it was only of value when its intimate connection was shown with character and individual life. Most novelists set their stories as carelessly and conventionally as jewellers set indifferent gems: a town is any town, a countryside any countryside, a garden any garden. But the writer with any sense of that true spirit of place concerning which Mrs. Meynell has written with such exquisite insight and discrimination is not content with labels; he sees that place, with its inevitable associations, may become part of the very texture of life; that it moulds and invigorates, weakens and dismays. There are, of course, great writers who have made no wide use of its influence; outside London, which they knew to the marrow, neither Thackeray nor Dickens, with occasional exceptions, reproduced what we mean to imply by the phrase: Balzac, on the other hand, sometimes employed it with such effect that we cannot, without loss, dissociate his characters from their environment; only just there and so could such a story as "Les Paysans" have been conceived and presented. The whole thing

holds and moves together with the precision of art and the uniformity of sordid misery and evil.

It is easy enough, of course, to reproduce the exteriors of place. Any writer at all worth the name can describe what his eye sees; he should at least be trained so far in the mechanics of observation. But when that is done you have a photograph and not a picture, a body without a soul. For place is the expression of life as well as the influence of life. Take a village street in almost any part of England, and with intimacy will come illumination; you will find the force of dead hands surviving the years, you will see a striving after a beauty which the worker never understood, or a piece of accomplished perfection which only folly could destroy. And these things have their influence upon unrecorded lives, just as traditions have their influence. Both spring from real things, from the necessity for some kind of expression, and nothing is ever lost. The true spirit of place—we speak of it now as it appeals to those who have no conscious idea of art—may have something in it almost of consecration. We know a man, poor and old, whose ancestors have lived in a certain cottage for two hundred and fifty years, and during all that time rent has been regularly paid, which is to say that the value of the house has been paid ten times over. And yet now, when the rent has been increased, he will not leave it, for every stone of the walls, every crack in the paved floors, speaks to him of the honourable dead. He has left the active world to brood over the past and his dreams, this old retainer of life:—

His helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And lovers' sonnets turn to holy psalms;
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, that are old age's alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

He has the spirit of place in his soul. It is this same spirit which has bred both dreamers and heroes, for your true dreamer does not dream vaguely, nor does your true hero do battle for an abstraction.

The true spirit of place was rare in Eighteenth Century fiction; neither Fielding nor Smollett had much of it. Sterne had it, but in him it took a form often so artificial in expression that we are inclined to overlook its real sincerity. Jane Austen, we think, had no strong conception of it; it remained for the Brontës to use it with vehement effect. Mrs. Gaskell had it, too, in a degree which, in its way, remains almost unsurpassed, and it was part of the very essence of Hawthorne's genius. Hawthorne's influence in this respect we believe to have been very great; his delicate subtlety of mind perceived the right values of character and environment. In the work of some of his contemporaries and of certain living writers place has taken its proper position in the evolution of a story. The two Kingsleys, though in very different ways, used it admirably, in such books as "Yeast" and "Mademoiselle Mathilde," for example. Shorthouse used it with something of a new spirit, yet allied to Hawthorne's. There is nothing in its way more masterly in modern fiction than that scene between Inglesant and Lauretta in the forest pavilion in which nature assumes a soul sinister and alluring: "He gazed another moment over the illumined forest, which seemed transfigured in the moonlight and the stillness into an unreal landscape of the dead. The poisonous mists crept over the tops of the cork trees, and flitted across the long vistas in spectral forms, cowed and shrouded for the grave. Beneath the gloom indistinct figures seemed to glide; the personification of the miasma that made the place so fatal to human life." The very place is of the core of the temptation, lulling the soul into a kind of clouded oblivion.

Of living writers Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy have turned the place spirit into a medium at times transfiguring, at times interpretative, at times heavy with doom. But they have never used it arbitrarily, never debased it for the

sake of an effect. They see, as only the artist can see, how all the world is of a piece, and how the human spirit cannot be divorced from the plain course of nature without pity and disaster. The opening of "Vittoria" strikes the key-note of the book; it suggests the glory of Italy for which sacrifice was to be made, and as one reads on that opening scene remains with us as the point of rest:—

From Monte Motterone you survey the Lombard Plain. It is a towering dome of green among a hundred pinnacles of grey and rust-red crags. At dawn the summit of the mountain has an eagle eye for the far Venetian boundary and the barrier of the Apennines; but with sunrise come the mists. . . . Bells of herds down the hidden run of the sweet grasses, and a continuous leaping of its rivulets, give the Motterone a voice of youth and homeliness amid that stern company of Titan heads, for whom the hawk and the vulture cry. . . . When the lower world is pulsing under steam, they wear the look of the revolted sons of Time, fast chained before scornful heaven in an iron peace. Day at last brings vigorous fire; arrows of light pierce the mist wreaths, the dancing draperies, the floors of vapour; and the mountain of piled pasturages is seen with its foot on the shore of Lago Maggiore. Down an extreme gulf the full sunlight, as if darting on a jewel in the deeps, seizes the blue-green lake with its isles. . . . Farther away, over middle ranges that are soft and clear, it melts, confusing the waters with hot rays, and the forests with darkness, to where, wavering in and out of view like flying wings, and shadowed like wings of archangels with rose and with orange and with violet, silver-white Alps are seen. You might take them for mystical streaming torches on the border-ground between vision and fancy. They lean as in a great flight forward upon Lombardy.

The length of the quotation may be forgiven, not because it is beautiful description, but because it means Italy and the whole spirit of "Vittoria."

It would be easy to multiply instances illustrating the value of place in the highest fiction, but that one passage must suffice. Mr. Meredith, more than any other novelist, has shown how life and the meaning of life may be linked with, nay, must be linked with, place and the meaning of place. The old barrier between animate and inanimate is broken down and the world swings to a broader and a truer music.

But the gift for the expression of this union is rare, and even when the secret seems open there are few who shall attain to the mastery of it. For it implies not only knowledge of life, but also knowledge of what goes to life's making and of the almost inexpressible influences which are as a moon to control the waters of the spirit. It implies what Wordsworth sang so perfectly, the knowledge of that

. . . presence that disturbs [me] with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

Place, atmosphere, environment, these are words which have become corrupted by too careless use in the traffic of the market-place. They are words of deeper meaning than the traffickers know, for there is inherent in them an immeasurable expression and an immeasurable influence. If the spirit of place might be captured by sudden and dextrous assault there would be many to claim the spoils. But it can only be approached by sympathy and patience and a quiet affection, and these things are rare in literature—rarer, we are inclined to think, than in life.

The Genius of the Moors.

SOME little time ago a rather startling controversy, as literary controversies go, was started in the pages of a London periodical. It had to do with the authorship of "Wuthering Heights," and it was maintained on one side that Bramwell, and not Emily Brontë, was the author of that extraordinary book. Now it seems to us that, setting aside what external evidence there is as to the writing of the book, the explicit statement of Charlotte Brontë that the three sisters were each engaged on a prose work, and that the result of Emily's work was "Wuthering Heights"—it would still be possible to determine from internal evidence that the book is entirely the work of a woman. The question seems to us to be worth examining from this standpoint, for if it is true that Emily Brontë was indeed the author, genius has seldom been confronted with more overwhelming obstacles. This young girl was ignorant of life, and she had determined to disclose the secret of dark and terrible passions. Delicate and sensitive in mind and body, she had divined the pathos of brutality. Sheltered within the narrow circle of her home it was for her to express the pitiless pressure of environment and heredity. Above all, it was for her and her alone to make articulate the storm-whispers that came to her across the moors. For to this girl life was as the moors, and she was going to reveal life by making the moors speak out their own impenetrable secret. The conception was that of genius; the accomplishment was, we think, essentially feminine.

To begin with Mr. Lockwood, the supposed narrator of the story; his point of view from first to last is never that of a man. He shares immediately the author's strange admiration for Heathcliff, he submits to his impertinence, he is drawn towards him in spite of all his inhospitality and violence. Again, he considers it reasonable that a woman should be struck in his presence, a woman, moreover, with whom he is half inclined to be in love. Later on, when his sympathies are enlisted for Hareton, he observes placidly in reference to Catherine Heathcliff: "I heard, and not altogether disapprovingly, a manual check given to her saucy tongue." But that is not all. In his choice of expressions Mr. Lockwood constantly betrays a point of view at variance with his supposed sex. For example, in one of the most poignant scenes in the whole book, the scene in which Heathcliff, imagining himself to be alone, is seeking to call Cathy's ghost from the lonely moors, Lockwood, into whose sleep there had already entered something of the grim terror of this haunted past, exclaims to his host: "And that minx, Catherine Linton, or Earnshaw, or however she was called—she must have been a changeling—wicked little soul!" Catherine Heathcliff is alluded to by him as "the little wretch." One might multiply instances of this nature almost indefinitely, but it is singularly petty to apply to a book whose very faults vibrate with genius, the little pinpricks of microscopic analysis, so far, at least, as such analysis is merely verbal. But these and similar instances do go to prove that when the author of "Wuthering Heights" sought to depict a commonplace man she put into his heart and mouth the sentiments and phrases of a commonplace woman.

Heathcliff, on the other hand, is a monster if you will, but at all events a male monster. But Heathcliff is approached from a woman's point of view, and, from the standpoint of a woman exceptionally innocent in regard to the actualities of evil. The merciless treatment of his childhood has burnt into Heathcliff's soul the desire for survival and the remorseless purpose of vengeance. Love comes to him without love's healing, and he is faithful to it with the same unwavering fidelity that he shows to his other darker purpose. Catherine is cut off from him first by her marriage and then by death, but always she

is with him, pervading his life, absorbing his memory, haunting his dreams. Gradually she becomes an obsession to this lonely man, and he becomes weary of all other things, weary of his vengeance and the triumph of his hate. For she is still real to him, still wandering amongst the moors, drawing ever nearer and nearer to the frail barrier which separates the living from the dead: "'Come in! Come in!'" he sobbed. 'Cathy, do come. Oh do—once more! Oh! my heart's darling, hear me *this time*—Catherine, at last!'" Surely here genius has set its unmistakable seal upon human torment no less unerringly than upon the wail of Oedipus or Lear. For, in these supreme moments genius knows nothing of the impediments of time or space, of race or sex. In such moments the soul speaks out the hot, inevitable words, and the creative artist of every period does, as the Athenian of old, what is right without knowing it. But glance at Heathcliff in the pauses of the book, in the subordinate scenes through which his character unfolds itself. It becomes apparent that in these scenes he is not portrayed at all from the inside but from the outside, and that often enough hesitatingly, sometimes even clumsily. Take this for example: "'Now, Catherine Linton,' he said, 'stand off, or I shall knock you down; and that will make Mrs. Dean mad.'" It is submitted that this is not the Titanic figure in whom is incarnate the dark broodings of the moors, and the ghost whispers that vibrate through the storm. No, it is simply the wicked, brutal man as he is imagined by a girl who knows little or nothing of the details of wickedness and brutality. Heathcliff might have been, perhaps actually was, wicked and brutal, but he was incapable of the brutality of that speech. It is not in part; it is not the voice of Catherine's lover pleading in the night, eternally symbolic of the loneliness and at the same time of the nearness of the forces of nature. It is just the wicked man saying what seems to be the wicked thing in what seems to be the wicked manner; it is the hesitating touch of the young girl describing what she has neither experienced nor imagined. Again, examine the characters of Edgar Linton and Linton Heathcliff: both of them are viewed from the outside; neither of them is masculine, and one can only say that if Catherine's husband is ladylike, Heathcliff's son is a feminine monstrosity. They have, respectively, a woman's virtues and a woman's faults, and deserve a woman's pardon. Contrast with these male parodies into whom an artist has breathed something of vitality the charming and distinct personalities of the two Catherine's, mother and daughter. Here, it is submitted, we have women presented only as a woman can present them. One feels at once that the author knows them to the core, and no sentence from their lips is ever out of key. They are never placed upon a pedestal; on the contrary, their faults are rather accentuated and they are the faults of women, and their very accentuation is a tribute to feminine justice. Perhaps all this is rather begging the question—assuming that there is a question at all; but a page of conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Linton, a page taken almost at random, will show where the voice of human nature is caught and where its echo is deflected through conventional lips.

But perhaps a fairer test as to the method of depicting character in this book might be drawn from the portraits of the two servants, Joseph and Ellen. The man is a careful study, admirably delineated. We listen to his pawky denunciations of wickedness, and we know that he has been watched and listened to at first hand—in short, that the artist has drawn with her eye on the object. But the picture of Ellen is all this and very much more. Joseph is the sly and surly servant always in the background, a figure clearly defined, but one essentially apart from the inner circle. But the babble of Ellen rings through the book with all the intimate associations of a vividly remembered childhood. She suggests no

effort of analysis whatsoever; she speaks from these pages with the very accents of life. And art is lost sight of in the great simplicity which is the effortless triumph of the creative artist. The greater part of the strange, gloomy story is refracted through this placid intelligence so that its more sombre effects are softened. But occasionally Ellen and Mr. Lockwood are thrust aside and the untameable heart of the author is revealed. In that heart there is a place for one person, and, perhaps, one person only—Heathcliff, the nameless, homeless offspring of the moors. Sometimes he might seem something alien and apart, with thoughts and emotions only dimly guessed at, but at moments he was nearer to the author of "Wuthering Heights" than either of the Catherines or Isabella or Ellen herself. Then bending over this sinister and implacable figure, sharing his agony, redeeming his infamy, crowning his fidelity, one seems to detect a solitary figure with burning eyes: it is the woman who has evoked the phantoms of the moors:—

Often rebuked, yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
For idle dreams of things which cannot be:
To-day, I will seek not the shadowy region,
Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear;
And visions rising, legion after legion,
Bring the unreal world too strangely near.
I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
And not in paths of high morality,
And not among the half-distinguished faces,
The clouded forms of long-past history.
I'll walk where my own nature would be leading:
It vexes me to choose another guide:
Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are feeding;
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side.
What have these mountains worth revealing?
More glory and more grief than I can tell!
The earth that wakes one human heart to feeling
Can centre both the worlds of Heaven and Hell.

Surely, were there no other evidence than these lines of Emily Brontë, it would be difficult to attribute this haunting and powerful book to any other human being?

Impressions.

The Way.

Not by observation has she found the way, but by the spirit within, groping dimly through all the years of her life, and now, in the evening of her days, an articulate companion, unwearying in its consolations. That way is not narrow. In all religions she sees the gleam of the eternal truths that sanctify the immemorial way she has found.

So she has escaped the fear that menaces the oncoming years of so many women, the fear of growing old, of becoming unattractive, of the time when they will be no longer participators, but onlookers. Perhaps that fear never troubled her. An inexplicable wisdom (won, she would say, in some past life of endeavour) gave her the true value of things, sifted intuitively the things that matter from those that are transitory. She has enjoyed her days in her fashion, but she has never regretted a time that was past, or desired to recover it. The immediate occupation has always been but a coloured thread in the tapestry. When her daughter was married, she said: "They are going to be happy, I am sure, but I am so glad it is not my marriage." Yet her marriage had been quite happy as marriages go, but it had done its work as part of the great pattern for which life was designed—the fulfilment of the education of the soul. Truly she has put

into practice that maxim of Joubert's, that each year should bring its own lamp with it.

She has no sentimental regrets, and I think no reproaches. All has been lived, all was educative, all that has been thought, felt, or done must, for better or worse, persist through eternity in obedience to the Will. Perfect peace awaits those who know the Law and do the Will. She has lived a full life centred in her home and her family, but this, she will say, is her happiest period, because now her spiritual and intellectual faculties are working unhampered. When the cares of a young family engrossed her that was impossible. Those faculties slumbered. For ten years she rarely opened a book; for ten years she did not travel ten miles from home. The claims of the daily routine of life usurped all her energies. The lamp of her duty burned clearly, but the light was cold. I remember her as one for whom there was always another task awaiting the one in hand, incessantly occupied, and yet I think living a detached life of thought, and growing comprehension, which expressed itself fitfully in fragments of conversation I overheard between her and her husband, and with one friend—he, too, a seeker—who came and went, bringing ideas with him.

But I was not prepared for the glow of spiritual awakening and expansion that came when the particular duties of her life were fulfilled, and she could invite the whisper of the mysteries. Always leaning to free thought, in time even those slight bonds galled, and she gradually evolved for herself the faith that she needed. It is perhaps the most ancient faith of the world; she sees everything human affiliated to it, explained by it, and progressing in willing or unwilling allegiance to its behests; it has open arms for all who will submit themselves, and wait patiently for the command of the Law that is also Love. It has made her old age gracious and sunny, and informed it with a sure hope that can only become more confident as her days on earth grow fewer. Her pleasure in the passing show, her capacity for interesting herself in the lives of others is stronger than ever; but all such matters fall into their proper place, neither important nor unimportant, just incidents of this life, one among many progressive lives for the individual, controlled here by the thoughts and actions of former existences, and leading inevitably forward to that state of beatitude, when, after so many dark wanderings and mistakes of nature, the individual soul shall no longer be a fellow-worker with the Divine Soul, but indwelling with it.

So to her fragrant and most useful old age this theosophical "intelligent theory of the universe," very ancient, yet always fresh, comes with healing on its wings. It breathes, and each morning is a new interest, each trouble a new discovery of the way by which the Divine purpose leads. Just now she wrote this to me: "For myself, I simply progress (so I hope) on the old path, which widens before me as I go along. And you?"

Drama.

The Flower-Like King.

"RICHARD II." is, primarily, a study in kingship, and secondarily, a dramatic contrast of two types of humanity between whom, from the beginning, the inheritance of this world has been divided. The play belongs, of course, to that singular political trilogy which leads up to the portrait of Shakespeare's "ideal king," Henry the Fifth. Henry the Fifth is king by the triple claim of right divine, of efficiency, and of sympathy with the instincts and ambitions of his people. Neither of his two immediate predecessors can fulfil more than a fraction of this ideal.

Richard the Second has right divine and is inefficient. Henry the Fourth is efficient and a usurper; both, moreover, seek their own ends and not those of the nation; both, therefore, are failures. This is political philosophy. But it need hardly be said that the antithesis between Richard and Bolingbroke goes much farther than this: it rests upon one of the ultimate distinctions among mankind, that of the practical and the artistic temperaments, the men of deeds and the men of dreams and fancies. Around Richard, Shakespeare has thrown all the graces of poetry. His physical beauty, preserved historically by that exquisite picture in Westminster Abbey upon which Mr. Beerbohm Tree has modelled his make-up, is insisted upon again and again. He "looks like a king" and has all the outward dignity and bearing of one. The blood comes and goes in his fair face. His marvellous gift of eloquent speech runs like a river through the play. He delights in music and in pageantry, in the pomp and circumstance of his state. This sensitiveness of soul gives him a power of personal fascination, which affects many of those who come into personal relations with him—the queen, Aumerle, the "poor groom of his stable." He responds with a capacity for affection which extends even to "Roan Barbary," the horse he rides on, and the literal ground he treads. He is of imagination all compact, full of half-tones and delicate shades of emotion. Walter Pater records how in the hands of Charles Kean the part "became like an exquisite performance on the violin." And withal he lacks all the forceful vital elements of character. Not only is he purely selfish in policy, the sport of flatterers and parasites, but he cannot even nerve himself to grip the sceptre when he sees it slipping from his hold. Contrary events spur him not to action, but only to a further exercise of his incomparable imagination. He becomes an interested spectator of his own downfall, dressing it out with illuminating phrases and subtle images, and so turning it into a thing of beauty and of pity to himself and to the audience; but he makes no effort to avert it, and falls back upon a mystical consciousness of his divine right, and a half-belief in some incredible divine intervention in his favour. Never at any time does he come face to face with facts; but always sees them through the beautiful and distorting medium of his own dramatic fancy. He is like the "musical man" in Plato's "Republic," who has "piped away his soul with sweet and plaintive melodies." He stands, in Shakespeare's psychology, for the type of the artist.

The contradiction between Richard and Bolingbroke is complete. Bolingbroke speaks few words, none for their own sakes or without a deliberate practical end. He has no emotions, and although he can "steal courtesy from heaven" to win the citizens of London, his graciousness is a matter wholly of policy and not of temper. He is a true "crown-grasper." He clearly envisages his goal, and moves remorselessly towards it, laying his passionless intrigues in silence, and playing with an unfaltering hand upon the hates and loves and ambitions of other men. He is the incarnation of efficiency.

So far as the dramatic effect of the play is contained, it is, of course, part of Shakespeare's design that the sympathies of the audience should be against Richard during the period of his tyranny, and should gradually swing round in his favour from the moment when his fortunes begin to decline. This is almost inevitable. It is a little more difficult to say whether any ultimate judgment upon the man by his creator is involved. Mr. W. B. Yeats, if I remember right, touches upon this point in his "Ideas of Good and Evil," and decides that Shakespeare, as an artist, put the children of light before the children of this world, and was personally in sympathy with the dreamer Richard, rather than with his "efficient" rival. I am writing on the extremest verge of inhabited England, and unfortunately have not the book by me; but I think that Mr. Yeats goes on to dwell on Shakespeare's

dislike for Henry the Fifth, whose hard practical success contrasts ill with the triumphant and mellow imaginative life of Falstaff. Well, I am sure that Mr. Yeats himself would always give the palm to imagination over efficiency; and for all I know, if human qualities are reducible to absolute standards of value, he may be right. But I do not for a moment believe that he is right about Shakespeare. Shakespeare was the last man likely to underrate the hard practical qualities which make for efficiency. For a poet, he had the firmest grasp upon the central facts of life. After all he was not a Celtic dreamer, but an honest burgess of Saxon Stratford; and, in spite of some conventional phrases about the immortality of his verse in the sonnets, he shows singularly little desire unduly to magnify his office as artist. One has always a lurking feeling that he thought himself very lucky to have made enough by his pen to enable him to settle down for the evening of his life on an equal footing with the prosperous and unimaginative tradesmen who had earned their comfortable fortunes by meeting the very practical needs of his native borough. Of course, Shakespeare had the gift to understand Richard the Second, or Falstaff, no less than Henry the Fifth, and understanding must always imply at least some measure of sympathy. But I find it difficult to believe that his ultimate judgment upon them differed essentially from that of any sane, broad-minded man of the world who did not happen to be a poet.

"Richard the Second" will always have a curious personal interest for me. A school edition of the play was the first literary task which I essayed, more years ago than I quite like to think of. And now these notes, written on the same theme, must close the present series of dramatic articles.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

The Great Velasquez.

ONCE in passing a minor art dealer's window, I caught sight of something that brought me to a halt in a flush of astonishment and pleasure. It was a large autotype reproduction of that magnificent portrait of a gross domineering man who stands against a column, the standard at his feet, arrogantly asserting the pre-eminence of mind and will in himself, and in the painter who saw him pictorially in a single impression, and set him there stamped with the authority of his genius. I entered the shop, bought it, then the salesman said: "We have had five of them this week. I put them in the window, and not one has remained there longer than half an hour." That picture of Alessandro del Borro, Italian Commander (Berlin Museum), hangs before me as I write. No one who sees it is silent, in everybody it quickens interest, and the power of it has sent many to the National Gallery to seek further acquaintance with the great master who painted it—Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez.

He died in 1660, was buried with pomp in the church of St. Juan, Madrid, and after his death, outside Spain, if there, for two hundred years his genius was unrecognised. Italy dominated the art world, and the peace of the great Spaniard was undisturbed. Those who visited Madrid, and saw the majestic portraits and great subject pictures, the series of King Philip, the Maria Teresa, "The Surrender of Breda," "Las Meninas," did not, or dared not realise the supremacy of Velasquez who painted men and women as they look in their own atmosphere, the piercing observer who saw things as they are, the great grey colourist who painted light, and with one red scarf or a silver studded doublet would make a picture glow. For two hundred years he slumbered—unknown. A painter of royal portraits, a dweller in royal precincts,

like Van Dyck the bosom friend of a king, on him fell something of the seclusion that hedges a king. His pictures hung on the walls of Spanish palaces: no whisper from those cloistral places hinted to the owners of his pictures in other countries the worth of their possessions.

Early in the nineteenth century Velasquez's important pictures were removed from the royal palaces to the Prado museum, and the art world awoke to him. The majority of his finest pictures are in the Prado, but over a hundred are in the United Kingdom, including some masterpieces. Connoisseurs inclined their ears and his fame spread. Pacheco's volume was reprinted (Velasquez was five years in Pacheco's studio, and married his daughter), other Lives were written, and by the middle of the nineteenth century, the grey standard of this great master of his craft was floating mast high. Few but fit were his adherents in the years that followed his re-discovery. Manet, Whistler, Carolus Duran fell under the spell of his superb vision, of the technical perfection of his craftsmanship, of the reticent impressionism practised by this grave apostle of the unities to a niggling and meticulous generation, who saw deeper and more truthfully than any painter who has ever lived, and who never betrayed his trust of deep and comprehensive sight. To-day a large and growing circle hail Velasquez not only as the most distinguished of all artists, but as the most potent force in modern painting. "The seed of thought," wrote R. A. M. Stevenson, "has been blown from Spain to every part of the world." Once come under the influence of this master, who so trained his eye that he could draw by it swiftly and unerringly in paint without adventitious aids, who saw in tone, seized an impression, and kept it inviolate in his mind's eye till the last brush-stroke was made on the canvas, and it will never leave you. Few, probably, have seen him in his full strength in the Prado, but many have seen photographs of his pictures, and even the photographs have their instant magnetism. I saw a painter leaving a room in a London house on the walls of which a score of reproductions of the finest things of a dozen masters were displayed, saw him pause before a photograph of a head and bust, stare at it, cock his head on one side, thrust his hands into his pockets, move restlessly like one disturbed, mutter "what modelling in that head! what handling!" then turn his troubled face enquiringly to his host. It was Velasquez's "Esop."

This Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez painted Philip IV. forty times, painted him and his family right through till the time of his death from fever caught while superintending the pageant for the marriage of the Infanta with Louis XIV. Fortunate was Velasquez in his times, fortunate in his patron and friend the King, who spent almost every day in the studio he had found for him in the palace, coming by secret passages hung with pictures, and saving by his patronage this painter, who was incapable of self-deception, from depending for his livelihood on commissions from the Spanish church. The annals of his life are immemorable. He was a painter, and his pictures are the wonder and admiration of those who know. Now and again he made journeys into Italy, studying the Italians, holding converse with his friend Ribera in Naples, delighting in the vigour of Tintoretto at Venice. But no fellow-painter held him long. All he saw but ministered to the individual growth of this man, who seemed to have painted "with his will only." I see him lingering at Milan before Leonardo's "Last Supper"; see him intimate with Rubens during the nine months that master from the north spent in Spain, the two climbing the sierras, and, seated side by side, making sketches of the palace. But it is chiefly in the seclusion of the palace I see him, there in his large workroom, growing yearly in knowledge of his art, seeing things largely, and always freshly, a law to himself, painting

"Las Meninas," dwarfs, jesters, and eccentrics, "The Spinners," and that great portrait of Admiral Pulido Pareja.

Go to the National Gallery, pause in the Spanish room, and stand before the wall, not too near, where are the Admiral Pulido Pareja and Philip IV. These two men, full length, standing so firmly upon the ground, unlike as their characters were unlike, each seen in his own aura, are not all of Velasquez, but they are essential Velasquez. Note how, by subtle play of light, the rich black of the Admiral's dress and the silhouette of his firm legs tell against the luminous grey background; how the shadow composes into the picture; how vital is the white of the sleeves and the collar, and how the red of his scarf sings out from the grave harmony. If the word inevitable is ever again to be used in art, that word must be employed here. The presentment of this bushy-haired, ruddy-faced Admiral of Spain is so life-like that one quite understands the story that the King mistook the portrait for the man, and reprimanded him for absenting himself from duty. It must be seen from a distance, but if you look closely, the paint is so thin, the surface so unworried, that you wonder by what magic the effect was obtained; by what power of draughtsmanship the gloved hand is made to hold that baton so lightly yet so tightly, by what art those blobs and splashes of paint became sleeves; and how the illusion of the silver brocaded doublet in the portrait of Philip IV. was accomplished. Velasquez the courtier had no place in the life of Velasquez the artist. On the facing wall is a bust of Philip—old, pasty, flabby, rambling-necked, again the man himself seen with Velasquez's uncompromising eyes. And let those who say that Velasquez could not paint a religious picture study his "Christ at the Column." It is unconventional, that is, not seen in the common way, because it is Velasquez; it is great painting, because of the unity of the impression, the transparency of the shadows, the quality of the grey floor, the intense humanity of the figures, the clean, reticent colour of the dress of child and angel; because of those things it convinces us of its reality, a conviction that many so-called religious pictures utterly fail to arouse. Likewise the unaffected realism of his "Christ in the House of Martha," chaining one to the corner where it hangs—a curiously insistent picture this! Then retire to the end of the room, absorb the two large canvases, "Philip IV. Hunting the Wild Boar," and "A Bethrothal" and from those majestic pictures, largely seen, flooded with the painter's vision and personality, informed with the sweep of his composition and masterly technique, you will be prepared for the consummation of Velasquez in the Prado. Even if you cannot make the journey, you may read R. A. M. Stevenson's book on Velasquez. No work on painting that I know shows such a consummate knowledge of the subject, or analyses with such insight and skill the craft of painting, its significance, and the place that Velasquez holds in the hierarchy. Through Stevenson's eyes you see the Prado, and wander, by his light, step by step through its glory—which is Velasquez.

Renan said towards the end of his life: "I have loved truth: I have searched for it: I have followed where it called me." Velasquez might have echoed those words. Flaubert said: "Draw life to the life, and your moral will draw itself." That Velasquez did. And in the company of those two Frenchmen, so different, yet each in his way so characteristic of the French genius: in the high company of the great Velasquez, I end this series of adventures among pictures.

C. L. H.

Science.

Suggestion.

THE word suggestion conveniently indicates a certain genus of emotional influences to which we are all exposed. The qualifying word "emotional" is important, since suggestion, in the sense which I wish to illustrate, must be sharply distinguished from any form of appeal to the intellect or reason. It may accompany such an appeal, and prepotently affect its result, but suggestion, in this valuable sense of the word, is constituted in an appeal of an essentially irrational kind.

To take a not particularly good contemporary instance, we may recall the epidemic of apparently causeless disappearances that followed a much bruited case. If a young person already wishing to leave her home, or so placed that it might appear desirable to leave her home, were to receive an illustration of the ease with which such an evanishment might be contrived, and were forthwith to disappear, that would not be a case of suggestion in the present sense. But when one young woman, shall we say, finding all England in search of another, leaves her home without any reasonable cause, the explanation is to be found in the subtle action of suggestion.

Another recent illustration has been furnished by the late remarkable epidemic of suicides, many of them without apparent motive—by which we mean rational or reasonable motive. In such an instance as this it becomes clear that suggestion is closely allied to what we call the imitative faculty. Some years ago in Paris, for instance, fifteen persons hanged themselves within a fortnight from a hook in a dark corner of the Hôtel des Invalides. When the hook was removed, the suicides ceased. Similarly also, opportunity may furnish the suggestion. In the eight years following the removal of ball cartridges from soldiers, suicide decreased by one-half as compared with the corresponding previous period. Plainly there were other ways open to a soldier who had sufficient motive apart from the suggestion of opportunity. When it was proposed to the late Lord Salisbury that opportunities for drinking might be diminished with good results, he remarked that there were "thirty bedrooms at Hatfield, but it had not been observed that they increased the desire for slumber." The only thing certainly demonstrated by that remark was the worthlessness of analogical reasoning in unskilled hands. I write in a village owned by a Scottish distiller, who knows better. He allows no public-house in the place; and the prosperous folk may be seen contentedly drinking ginger-beer in the single shop-post-office. Were suggestion not a factor in human action there would be no more drinking at the village two miles away, where there are public-houses—and a doctor—than here. Some day, when our rulers have had an elementary scientific training, psychological facts like the suggestion of opportunity will be taken into account in legislation.

But the occasion of this paper is to be found in the series of speeches which those in or intent upon high places are to deliver this month. For oratory furnishes by far the most admirable instance of the power of suggestion. I suppose the most extreme type would be shown in the effects of a religious revival upon certain temperaments. In such cases the effect of conviction on the speaker and of approval amongst his hearers—the preacher's words being the ostensible cause—may actually produce, as in, say, a negro of the Southern States of America, what the alienist calls an ecstasy. Such cases are rare, and, as the usual treatment for ecstasy is the faradic current, extremely curable. But even when Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Asquith addresses a crowded meeting on food-taxes, suggestion is to be seen at work.

If you are at the meeting, and in the hearing mood, you may well come away convinced. Next morning read the speech, or compare your impression of it with that formed by someone who was not there but who reads it in cold type, and you may be surprised at your opinions of the night before. You had perhaps thought, listening to the speaker, that your fine impartial intellect was weighing the statistics, and extricating the truth from the rhetoric. But you forgot that "enthusiasm is infectious" (which is just the popular way of saying that there is such a thing as suggestion), that the meeting was crowded (have you ever wondered why you prefer the theatre full rather than half empty?), and that the right honourable gentleman was all the while attacking your emotional nature under cover of a soi-disant but quite subsidiary onslaught on your intellect. It is, indeed, largely his skill in the practice of suggestion that has given him that fine title.

Far be it from me, of course, to imply that when, prior to exercising the right of franchise, a free-born British citizen goes to hear the arguments for or against a given policy, he is really being hypnotised. But one must get some explanation for things. How, for instance, did the contorted intellect of Mr. Gladstone obtain such a hold over his countrymen? Undoubtedly because it was a mere accident in a complex-total of influences which you may call personal magnetism, or refer to the exquisite quality of his voice or to what you please, but which certainly acted through suggestion. This, of course, is the key to the power of oratory. And my readers know better than I that the same influence is potent in the written as well as the spoken word. The writer who has felt "the incommunicable thrill of things" can communicate it, at a distance of oceans or centuries, if he but prove to you that he has felt it. Then suggestion—which in such instances as these latter is another proof of our common nature—calls to the kindred soul, and you too are thrilled.

So we must not be too hasty in our verdict on the temperaments to which suggestion can appeal. My instances of the young woman—note her age and sex—the suicides in a French hotel and the negro revival—note the emotional nature of the two races—and the tippler, will clearly point the moral that hysteria—loss of self-control—which is now quite one of the most interesting and significant things in the world, and ordinary loss of self-control, as in the alcoholic subject, have a great deal to do with the power of suggestion. These are plainly cases of suggestion acting on morbid temperaments. In another class we may put the instance of the Indian juggler who throws a rope up into the air, sends a boy up it, and then causes both to disappear. The camera—sans emotion—detects neither rope nor boy. I am told that if the trick is done before a mixed, but divided audience, the Orientals, sitting on one side of the tent, will swear to the objective existence of the rope and the boy, whilst Europeans, sitting on the other side, have seen nothing. The conjurer has hypnotised his fellow countrymen only. Here, then, we have a case of suggestion acting on ready temperaments, which we cannot call morbid, but which are still very different from ours.

Having disposed of one class of cases as instanced in a morbid or inferior, and another as instanced in the Oriental temperament, what are we to say of the Anglo-Saxon who is "completely carried away" by stump oratory, or, indeed, of the man who responds to the "suggestion" exercised by a Phidias, or a Dante, or a Beethoven? Anatomy having taught me the names and causes of the "surface markings" of a sculptor's Venus, astronomy having returned a *non possumus* when asked to locate the whereabouts of the "Inferno," mathematics, physics and physiology having agreed to analyse the effect of the Eroica Symphony on my ears in terms of logarithms, am I therefore to flee from these things,

muttering "suggestion" as an exorcism? Or, in other words, fearing hysteria and "neuroticism," and insanity, are we to consider all things in the "dry light" of reason, and that alone? That would be to vindicate the gratified ignorance which declares that science is a foe to all that makes life worth living. If we so strangle our emotions that the beloved's finger tip will feel like anyone else's—because, forsooth, the "objective stimulus" is similar—then assuredly were we better dead. If, on the other hand, despising or denying the existence of absolute truth, you cultivate the emotions alone, and expose yourself to every wind of suggestion that blows, then, being without reason, are you in danger of losing your right to be reckoned human. This, then, for the partisan—whether of one or other political party or religious creed, or of the intellect as opposed to the emotions, or the emotions as opposed to the intellect—in *medio tutissimus ibis*.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

"Shelley Plain."

SIR,—When Mr. Saleeby turned my attention to the absurdity of Shelley's request, "Swiftly walk over the western wave," I did not know who or what was being addressed. A being that can walk over the wave is likely to be ethereal, and given also that it can walk swiftly, thus attaining speed without haste, it is likely to be immense. Therefore as soon as I read the line, the use of the word "walk" gave me the notion of a great spirit. When I discovered the poem I discovered the appropriateness of the word.

Yet Mr. Saleeby would have us believe that Shelley rejected "fly" and "run" simply because they did not begin with "w." If he had put "fly" he would have robbed the desired companion of a companionable attribute. If he had put "run" he would have lost the thrill that comes of giant majesty. It is not right for Mr. Saleeby to deduce poetic processes from the pleasure he gets from a string of "w's," for it may be that he sometimes reads poetry as he listens to absolute music, and that, as he puts it, it delights his sensorium without establishing any association whatever with his intellect.

If so, perhaps Shelley had an intellect after all. I think he not only heard the "w," but with Blake-like vision saw the spirit on the waters. By his art he calls up a picture of it before he gives it a name. Fully to appreciate the line the mind must not only rejoice in the "w's" but be stirred by the picture, and the added appreciation that comes thereby is surely intellectual, if the added appreciation that comes by knowing the programme of the Tannhäuser overture is intellectual. However, I do not know enough about intellect to assert this with any confidence. But of this I am certain: that just as there is much thought beyond science, so is there much art beyond alliteration, and that to "see Shelley plain" one must do more than count up "w's."—Yours, &c.,

T. A. BROCK.

Triennial.

SIR,—Your Reviewer says he must remind me that "triennial" does not mean three times a year.

It is a useful reminder, no doubt, but I have never said or implied it did.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. WELLS.

[Describing the "Quack School," Mr. Wells says: "A triennial walk to a chalk-pit is Field Geology, and vague half-holiday wanderings are Botany Rambles." It would surely be a Quack School indeed that taught Field

Geology by means of a walk to a chalk-pit *once in three years!* Did not Mr. Wells mean once a term?—YOUR REVIEWER.]

"Double Possessive."

SIR,—May I be allowed, in view of Mr. Turnbull's communication, to repeat that the above is the most satisfactory explanation of the idiom under discussion? Ellipsis will not do, because whilst in some cases, *e.g.*, "a friend of my father's (friends)" it makes sense, in many others it makes nonsense—in fact in all cases where, in the nature of things, or where in point of fact it is known that the possessor has only one of the things denoted by the noun placed in the possessive. For instance, we say "That dog of yours" when we know our friend has but one dog; similarly "That face of your father's" cannot possibly mean "That face of your father's faces." An explanation which fits certain examples is *apposition*; *e.g.*, some grammars treat the "of" as equal to *namely*: thus "That friend of your father's" would mean "That friend, viz., your father's." The "of" in such phrases as "The continent of Europe" is difficult to explain otherwise. But, on the whole, phrases containing "of" followed by the possessive are best explained as "double possessive"; an irregularity, it is true, but on that account all the more idiomatic. It sometimes has a force which any equivalent would entirely lack. "Your fowls" would sound feeble as a substitute for the "double possessive" in such a sentence as: "Those fowls of yours are a nuisance," which sentence, by the way, is a good illustration of the failure of ellipsis to explain the idiom. It cannot mean "Those fowls of your fowls," as we are speaking of all of them.—Yours, &c.,

22, Vicar's Hill, Ladywell, S.

E. R. MORGAN.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 210 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best set of verses, not to exceed sixteen lines, entitled "Good-bye." Eighty-nine replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss Muriel Robertson, 8 Park Circus Place, Glasgow, for the following:—

Farewell brown bog, sad stretch so dear to me
Grey crashing North Atlantic sea, farewell
With all thy company of wand'ring birds;
For I must turn my feet into strange roads,
See foreign places where I shall not know
The speech or use or face of any man.
And I shall never watch the driving mist
Blot out from sight the hills beyond the Boyle,
Nor see the sun set over Inishoen;
But I shall know much pain and longing sore
For the least turf of this high-lying bog;
And all the sweet scents of that foreign world,
Be less to me than just one single breath
From the low turf fire of my cwa hut.

Other replies follow:—

Upon our largest apple-tree
The fruit is barely mellow,
For summer came so tardily;
But woods are turning yellow.

I will not weep, my younger son,
Nor hinder thee by pleading.
Our acres, when the work is done,
Are scarcely worth the weeding.

Since hands can hardly feed the mouth,
In this dull, misty hollow,
The widow's son must journey s u t
And farther than the swallow.

Though England ill reward their toil,
Another land may need you.
Oh, may you find a grateful soil!
Good-bye! God bless and speed you?

[C. E., Norwich.]

Ah strange, that when those nervèd fingers fail
And life ebbs slowly from those mortal limbs,
No spirits' might of life may then avail
To save alive the melodies and hymns
That spoke his soul; cold time their record dims.
Nations have never heard that music's breath—
Never shall hear; that song his being brims
His only, though its strains perchance, beneath,
Elysian echoes moan upon the fields of death.

[J. K. M., Sandwich.]

The above is the last of the ACADEMY competitions.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Mead (G. R. S.), *Did Jesus Live 100 Years B.C.?* (Theosophical Publishing Society) net 9/0
Matheson (George), *The Representative Men of the Bible: Ishmael to Daniel* (Hodder and Stoughton) 6/0
The Heart of a Heretic. (Brimley Johnson) net 5/0
Bramston (John Trant), *Patribus: Sermons*. (Arnold) net 5/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Seward (William T.), *Orestes: A Drama in Four Acts*. (Richards) net 5/0
Baring (Maurice), *Gaston de Foix and other Plays*. (") net 5/0
Lloyd (Leonard), *The Devil and I: A Philosophical Drama in Twelve Scenes* (Drane) 6/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Jeyes (S. H.), *Mr. Chamberlain: His Life and Public Career*. (Sands) net 16/0
The Grand Duchy of Finland. By the Author of "A Visit to the Russians in Central Asia". (Unwin) net 2/6
Collingwood (W. G.), *Ruskin Relics*. (") net 10/6
Walls (C. Braithwaite), *The Advance of Our West African Empire*. (Unwin) 21/0
Ainger (Alfred), *Crambæ. (English Men of Letters)*. (Macmillan) net 2/0
McDowall (Arthur S.), *Chatham. (Little Biographies)*. (Methuen) 3/6
Fahie (J. J.), *Galileo: His Life and Work*. (Murray) net 16/0

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